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OUR BLUE JACKETS,

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

F. C. ARMSTRONG,

Author of "The Two Midshipmen," "The Naval Lieutenant," "The Young Commander," "The Lily of Devon," &c.

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OUR BLUE JACKETS,

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

CHAPTER I.

Towards the close of the last century, on the shores of Lough Corrib, one of the most romantic and picturesque of Irish lakes, lay spread, in rich luxuriance, the noble estate of the once powerful chieftains, the O'Mores; the descendants whom, at the period of our story, were both still wealthy and honoured.

The mansion of Ashgrove was of considerable extent, and of imposing appearance,—standing,

as it did, in a commanding and exceedingly beautiful position.

Mr. Gorman O'More had just succeeded to the property, by the sudden and unexpected death of his elder brother,—who, although married, left, it was generally supposed, no legitimate heir. The deceased, Roderick O'More, was a Protestant; but his brother, Gorman, who succeeded him, followed the religion of his forefathers,—he was a Roman Catholic.

Gorman O'More's family consisted, at the time he came to reside at Ashgrove, of two sons and one daughter; the eldest son, about twenty, was a student at Trinity College, Dublin; the younger, a mere child, just five years old; whilst the daughter, Norah, had passed her fifteenth year.

Although of the prevailing religion of the country, Gorman O'More was exceedingly disliked; whilst his late brother, a Protestant, had been beloved by all classes, and his memory was treasured. Proud, even with his equals, Gorman

O'More was overbearing and tyrannical to his tenantry and inferiors, and at all times oppressive.

Besides being in possession of the Ashgrove property, he was the next heir to the titles and estates of Courtown, the present proprietor being unmarried, and in his sixtieth year. This nobleman's lands adjoined those of Mr. O'More, who looked forward confidently to the accession to a title.

Mrs. Gorman O'More in her youth had been considered a beauty; she was descended from the good old Catholic family of the Hamiltons, with a very moderate fortune.

Though a younger brother, when he married, Mr. O'More possessed a handsome independence.

Mrs. O'More's brother, George Hamilton, was a gentleman who loved pleasure, and a life of idleness; and Mrs. O'More persuaded her husband that he would be a valuable acquisition to his family circle. It must be supposed that Mr. O'More thought so too, for he not only tolerated

his presence, but administered to his extravagance.

The sudden and unexpected succession of Mr. Gorman O'More to the estates of Ashgrove was a great event, and happened most opportunely, as his pecuniary affairs had become not a little embarrassed.

On taking possession, Mr. O'More, though far from being a liberal man, permitted his wife, who was most extravagant in her habits and style of living, to completely new furnish the mansion. Even the choice pictures, purchased abroad by the late owner, were removed from the walls. Not an article was left that the deceased had cherished.

Mr. O'More did not succeed to the estates of his brother without strange surmises being whispered respecting that succession.

Roderick O'More, one of the handsomest men of his time, passed many years of his life abroad; and when he returned to reside permanently at Ashgrove, he brought with him, as his bride, a

Spanish lady, of exceeding beauty. Shortly after his return his lady gave birth to a boy, who was christened Roderick Magnus O'More. A year after this event, Mrs. O'More renounced the Catholic faith, and became a convert to Protestantism; and, to the great surprise of friends and relatives, Mr. O'More had the marriage ceremony again performed in the parish church,—thus, as he said, for certain reasons, uniting himself to his fair lady a second time. Though this created surprise, and surmises as to the legitimacy of the young Magnus, Mr. O'More gave no explanation, except to Mr. Creagh, the Protestant minister, to whom he solemnly declared that his son was his undoubted heir; but that his foreign marriage was at the time involved in obscurity, and difficult to prove. Eighteen months after this, Mrs. O'More died, in her second accouchement. The child did not survive her. The distraction of the husband, who had idolized his beautiful wife, was deep and sincere; and, for a considerable time, he gave way to despair. Suddenly, on the receipt

of letters, he roused from his stupor; and, having engaged the services of a most amiable and talented lady, he left his darling child under her care, and went abroad, remaining absent more than a year. He returned, however, gloomy and dejected; shunned all society, devoting himself entirely to his son. When Magnus was about seven years old, his father again left Ashgrove, and proceeded to the Continent; this time adding a tutor to his establishment,—accepting the services of Mr. Hamilton, who had passed through Trinity College, Dublin, with some éclat.

On Roderick O'More's return to Ashgrove, the troubled state of Ireland took him to Dublin, at the request of the then Lord Lieutenant, and there, from a fall from his horse, he perished, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, his death, a misfortune for all around him, universally lamented.

No proof whatever could be brought forward to substantiate the claims of young Magnus to the

property of his father, though Lord Courtown, a strange and eccentric nobleman, related to the O'Mores, made many enquiries; and Gorman O'More succeeded to the Ashgrove estates, declaring he was quite willing to surrender everything if proof could be brought forward of his nephew's being born in lawful wedlock.

The complete ignorance, as regarded the late Mrs. O'More, prevented any profitable enquiries, Gorman asserted she was a foreign adventuress, who, to induce his brother to marry her, turned Protestant; which marriage, as was well known, took place more than twelve months after the birth of the son. Lord Courtown could not expect his kinsman to surrender his right to an illegitimate child. Therefore, strange as the whole affair was, and wrapped in mystery, no further efforts were made to oppose Mr. O'More's succession, who said he had amply provided for the child and would take care of him, but that he certainly should not allow him to continue to bear the name of O'More.

Nevertheless, Roderick O'More, his lovely, kind-hearted wife, and their beautiful boy, were not forgotten by the tenantry on the estate; but time rolled on, and though their memory lived in the hearts of many, yet O'More held the estates, and his lady kept open house, giving splendid entertainments, and in a short time all the former visitants again frequented Ashgrove.

At college young Gorman O'More led a wild, rollicking life. Dublin, at this period, was full of young men, panting for what they imagined to be liberty and freedom of the Green Isle from the yoke of the Sassenach; and with these wild spirits young O'More mingled freely.

We have now to speak of the only daughter of Gorman O'More, with whom we have principally to do in this our partly true story. Norah, the gay, the spirited, the beautiful, and the tender-hearted, was the idol of the tenants and peasantry on the Ashgrove and Courtown estates. She was Lord Courtown's god-daughter, and he loved her as if she were his own child. But for her, the

tenantry of Ashgrove would have been in open rebellion against her father. Norah was ever gay. Those who witnessed her high spirits imagined the girl never gave a moment to thought—they supposed that her life was only a pleasant dream. But they were mistaken ; though at fifteen Norah was full of life and spirit, many things at times made her think, and think seriously, too. Many also wondered how it was that she appeared to have such a decided will of her own, for no one seemed to check her, though she had a most unamiable governess—a mere toady to Mrs. O'More. The secret was, Norah was Lord Courtown's favourite, and the distributor of his lordship's bounty. He had made her a present of a beautiful Spanish jennet, which she had taught to love and follow her like a spaniel. When her mother scolded her, or her father chided her for visiting the cottages of the poor and spending her money amongst them, Norah would shove back the rich clustering locks of her dark hair, and with sparkling eyes, dazzling in their

brilliancy, with one of her irresistible laughs, would silence her censors; and, starting off, have her jennet saddled, and in an hour was at Courtown Castle, delighting its gouty lord with her light heart and cheerful conversation.

As to the old women and maidens on the two estates, they adored Norah; the maidens never wanted a gay ribbon or shawl, nor the old women flannels and tea in the cold winter's nights. Norah had a kind word for all. A kind word or a smile, as thanks to the young men who rushed to throw open the gates, to let her and her pony pass, was more prized than a guinea to spend at the next fair. Such was Norah, at the age of fifteen. Her person or features we will not describe; we have said she was lovely, and that is sufficient—we will let our readers imagine in what that loveliness consisted.

About this period an event occurred which, trifling as it appeared, led to most unexpected results. Several small and insignificant disputes had arisen between Mr. O'More's attorney and

Lord Courtown's bailiff respecting boundaries, Mr. O'More being tenacious to a degree. One morning Mr. McGrab, the Ashtown attorney, a mean, grasping, sordid individual, but a great favourite with his patron, who had a house built for his residence in the village, called Mr. O'More's attention to the fact of Lord Courtown's enclosing thirteen acres of boggy, marshy land, which, he declared, undoubtedly belonged to the Ashgrove estate, for on an old map, and in a recent survey of the estate, Mr. McGrab pointed out to Mr. O'More that the thirteen acres of bog land were within his boundary; and the attorney also shewed him, if such and such an event were to take place, how very valuable these thirteen acres of good-for-nothing land would become.

Mr. O'More eagerly adopted his attorney's view, and immediately wrote to Lord Courtown, for, latterly, Norah was the only one of the family tolerated at Courtown Castle. His lordship replied courteously that the land he had enclosed belonged to the Courtown property, and

that the worthy attorney was mistaken. One letter followed another, till the matter came into the hands of the big-wigs ; and finally, after long litigation and expenses, and when the lawyers became satisfied with the picking, the thirteen acres of bog were adjudged to be the property of Mr. O'More, who, with all his family, excepting Norah, enjoyed a great triumph ; Mrs. O'More giving a grand dinner party on the occasion of her husband's having thirteen acres of swamp added to his domain. This event completely severed the intimacy, little as it had been, between Lord Courtown and the O'Mores.

Amongst the visitors at Ashgrove Mansion was a Galway lady—a Miss Blake. She had reached the reasonable age of thirty-two, and was still a spinster, though possessing an independent income of four hundred a-year, left her by an aunt, to whom she had devoted her youthful days. Miss Blake was handsome, agreeable, remarkably cheerful, and kind hearted; she had many admirers ; amongst them Mr. Hamilton, whom Mrs.

O'More reckoned had the best chance of success, but this self-sufficient gentleman was mistaken.

Miss Blake was exceedingly fond of Norah, who often spent days with her at her handsome residence in Galway.

About three months after the termination of the bog law-suit, one rather stormy day, a gentleman, named Lynch, came uninvited to join the family party of the O'Mores, assembled in the drawing-room.

"Well, Mr. Lynch," said Mrs. O'More, "we must be very grateful to you for this visit, seeing you have had such stormy weather, to come and cheer our loneliness."

"I have such a strange piece of news to tell," said Mr. Lynch, "that I never heeded the weather;" and he looked at Mr. Hamilton with a meaning expression—for be it known these two gentlemen were rivals for the hand of Miss Euphemia Blake.

"Do let us hear it, Mr. Lynch," said Mrs.

O'More, languidly, "for we have been very dull the last few days; the weather has been dreadful."

"Well, then, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Lynch, rubbing the palms of his hands, as if the intelligence he had to impart gave him pleasure, "Miss Euphemia Blake was married this morning at the Roman Catholic Chapel of ——."

"Married!" exclaimed almost every one present, with a tone of surprise, whilst Mr. Hamilton, colouring to the temples, muttered, "married! the devil!"

"Not exactly," returned Mr. Lynch, with a laugh, as he perceived that his rival was bitterly annoyed; for only a fortnight before he had boasted before Mr. Lynch, at a club-room in Galway, that his success was certain in a certain quarter.

"And pray who has the young lady married?" said Mr. O'More, with a sneer and a marked emphasis on the word young; whilst Norah, amazed but silent, kept her speaking eyes fixed on Mr. Lynch.

"Ah, there's the rub," said Mr. Lynch. "Can no one make a guess?"

"Some scheming adventurer, no doubt," said Mr. O'More, who disliked Miss Blake exceedingly.

"Why not exactly," returned Mr. Lynch, "seeing that she is now mistress of Courtown, his lordship having gallantly led her to the altar this morning."

Had a thunderbolt fallen into the room, it would scarcely have produced a greater effect.

Mrs. O'More sank back in her chair, with a strange exclamation. Mr. O'More uttered a curse, and looked pale with passion. Norah, her face flushed with excitement, started to her feet, her little hands clasped, and her eyes sparkling with delight.

"Dear Euphemia, Lady Courtown! oh, how glad I am! She will be sure to make his lordship happy," and heedless of the looks of rage her uncle and father cast upon her, she hurried out of the room.

Mr. O'More, when convinced of the fact, became overpowered with rage, vexation, and fear, for should a male heir be born adieu to the title and estates of Courtown. Mr. Hamilton was savage, he swore that his lordship was a madman, and Miss Blake no better than she should be. Mrs. O'More trembled as the vision of Lady Courtown rose before her, nursing a fine boy, the future heir.

Twelve months passed over, and an heir was born to the Courtown estates. The exasperation of Mr. O'More and his family, excepting Norah, became painful to witness.

To be out of the way for a time, Mr. O'More and family set out to spend the spring in Dublin, leaving only Norah, her little brother, and her governess, and two or three servants at Ashgrove. Many would suppose that Norah would have felt vexed at not being of the party to Dublin, to enjoy the gaieties of the capital; on the contrary she rejoiced at not being obliged to leave her home. From her bed-room window she loved, at

early morn, to look out over the glorious sparkling waters of Lough Corrib, glittering in the morning sun. She was a devoted lover of the country, and admired nature as it was, all smiling, verdant, and beautiful around her.

One lovely May morning she rose very early, and attired herself in her riding habit, with her Spanish hat and feathers. Galway has always retained in its aspect and manners a remnant of its Spanish founders. Norah had ordered her jennet, and an old staid groom to attend upon her the night before, having determined to spend the day with Lady Courtown, and enjoy a long nursing of the baby.

To her surprise she encountered her governess coming out of her room.

"Pray, Miss Norah, where can you be going so early in the morning?" asked Mrs. Marsham,

"To Courtown Castle, Mrs. Marsham," replied Norah, "to see the dear baby."

"You might have requested my permission," returned the governess; "besides, after Miss Blake's shameful and indecent—"

Norah broke out into a merry laugh.

"Shameful and indecent, to marry a good kind hearted nobleman, with twenty-five thousand a year, and to make him as happy as the day is long," she cried; "really, my dear Mrs. Marsham, you do not do justice to my kind friend. I wish you could see what a happy household her ladyship has created, and how young his lordship has apparently grown; if it were not for an attack of gout now and then, he would be positively juvenile," and so saying Norah sprang lightly downstairs, mounted her pony, and was off down the lane in a canter.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Marsham, bitterly, "this is the consequence of allowing this saucy, independent girl to have her own way. I cannot understand it; she goes like a wild Indian galloping across the country, takes a hedge, a ditch, or indeed a gate, as if there was no such obstacle before her. Well, we shall see, some of these days, the upshot of it."

CHAPTER II.

WHILST Norah is cantering along the shore of Lough Corrib, on her way to Courtown Castle, we will briefly explain how Miss Blake became Lady Courtown.

Though exceedingly eccentric in his habits and ideas Lord Courtown was far from being either a disagreeable or unpleasant companion. He was as open-hearted and kind as a nobleman in his position could possibly be, and all his tenants and dependants were quite happy and contented under his rule.

His lordship never liked Mr. Gorman O'More or his lady, whilst Mr. Hamilton was his aversion; though differing in religion and opinions with

the late Roderick O'More, he had admired and esteemed his honourable character and spirit, and was contented that either Roderick O'More or his son should succeed to the titles and estates of Courtown. But he was disgusted that his ancient title should descend to such a man as Gorman O'More, or to such a scapegrace as his son, of whose pranks in college he frequently heard.

Lord Courtown was exceedingly quick in his decisions; and very shortly after the affair of the thirteen acres he came to the resolution, though in his sixty-first year, of taking a wife; and, if Providence spared him, it was quite possible he might have an heir direct, to inherit his titles and fortune.

"But where shall I get a wife?" was the question his lordship asked himself. Courtship was out of the question. Not that Lord Courtown was at all an infirm or inactive individual; on the contrary, he was a fine, stately-looking gentleman, and, except when laid up by an attack of

gout, enjoyed the sports of the field with considerable spirit. In his early youth he had travelled much over the Continent of Europe, and purchased, in foreign lands many valuable pictures, statues, and other articles of vertu. On his return to Ireland he commenced making additional rooms to his already magnificent mansion, but never finished them; and many of the treasures of art, purchased at a vast outlay, actually lay in the storerooms of the castle unpacked.

Having resolved to take a wife, his lordship sat, one morning after breakfast, revolving over in his mind all the beauties he had known during the last twenty years. "Ah!" muttered his lordship, "they won't do;—Stay, I have her," and he sprang from his chair, rang for his valet, and ordered his chariot to be ready in an hour.

"Yes," soliloquized his lordship, "she will suit me every way. She is young enough, and not so young as to be ridiculous. She is good humoured, agreeable, and of good family; besides,

that puppy, Hamilton, thinks he is secure of her fortune, for that's all he cares for. Better to marry an old lord, with twenty-five thousand a-year rent-roll, than a young puppy. Young—no! he's not young, either,—thirty-eight or forty, every year of it."

That same day, about three o'clock, Miss Blake was surprised to see Lord Courtown's chariot stop at her door.

Miss Blake had met his lordship several times at Ashgrove; but they were not on visiting terms, for his lordship received no ladies at Courtown Castle. Miss Blake was very self-possessed; so, when his lordship was ushered into the drawing-room, she received him most courteously.

"You are surprised, no doubt," said Lord Courtown, taking a chair, and seating himself quite close to the lady of the house, "at this, to you, unexpected visit?"

Euphemia felt her heart flutter; for, in fact, Miss Blake had a spice of ambition in her nature.

"I was thinking," continued his lordship, "that when I explain the object of my visit you will consider me, not an eccentric man, for you know that already, but, perhaps, take me for a lunatic."

"Indeed, my lord," said Miss Blake, "I should be exceedingly sorry to entertain any such idea."

"Well, then;" again resumed his lordship, "the fact is, I wish to get married!"

Miss Blake had no fan with which to screen her cheeks, which became crimsoned; but she stammered out,—

"Oh, my lord! had you not better consult—"

"No," interrupted his lordship, with a smile, and really beginning to think Euphemia uncommonly handsome. "I shall only consult you; and as I am always brief and decided in my resolutions, if you are willing to accept the hand of a man old enough to be your father, but who possesses a rent-roll of twenty-five thousand a-year, and who can grace your fair brow

with a coronet, there's my hand," and his lordship held out his very white, aristocratic fingers, but little the worse for the wear and tear of sixty odd years.

Miss Blake was at first confounded; but, being a sensible woman, she made up her mind at once, and, though her voice faltered a little, and the roses on her cheek became yet more full-blown, she placed a very fair, plump hand in his lordship's, saying,—"Yours is a frank, generous offer, my lord, and I accept it as frankly, trusting that our mutual happiness may be secured thereby. Though, in truth," she added, with a smile, and a most engaging expression of countenance, "the wooing is over short."

"You are a woman of sense," said his lordship, very gallantly kissing the hand he held, "and you shall be Lady Courtown before forty-eight hours are over, God willing; and if Providence grants us an heir (Miss Blake here required the fan in earnest), Mr. O'More will have little cause to congratulate himself on the acquisition

of thirteen acres of bog." And thus Miss Euphemia Blake became Countess of Courtown.

Lord Courtown had every reason to congratulate himself on his choice; instead of being put out of his eccentric habits and ways, Lady Courtown set herself to work, diligently, to make him happy. She felt happy herself; and all under her rule felt the presence of a kind mistress conducive to their domestic comforts. When the heir of Courtown was born, an event which rendered his lordship almost insane with joy, no effort on his part was spared to show his love and esteem for her who rendered his before solitary life one of utility and happiness.

On the morning on which Norah left Ashgrove, Lord Courtown and his lady were breakfasting in the blue drawing-room. His lordship was suffering from an attack of his old enemy the gout; it was slight, however, and no way ruffled his temper.

The blue drawing-room was a favourite resort. It overlooked two branches of the lake, with its

numerous little, but beautiful islets. It was then early May; but the season was very favourable and advanced,—the fields looked green and bright under a sparkling sun; even Benlevy was without the shadow of a cloud.

"What has become of Norah?" observed Lord Courtown, helping himself to some fine Lough Corrib trout; "perhaps the O'Mores are come back?"

"No," said her ladyship; "I heard this morning that they were still in Dublin. Young Gorman has got them into some trouble, my correspondent says,—parading the streets, with other wild youths, in the National guard uniform."

"He's a fool or a madman," returned Lord Courtown, "and will bring himself and father into trouble with the government. Two years ago O'More urged me to let myself be appointed one of the delegates; but I was not so easily led to make a fool of myself. Afterwards they were named the Popish Congress; and as they always met in a place called Taylor's Hall, in Back

Lane, they got the nick-name of the Back Lane Parliament."

"You were quite right in having nothing to do with such unlawful meetings," observed Lady Courtown.

"By-the-bye, Euphemia," said his lordship, "I had a curious dream last night."

"You appeared disturbed in your sleep," remarked Lady Courtown. "I thought you were suffering from night-mare, and awoke you."

"Faith! I was very much obliged to you, my dear; for though I place not the slightest faith in dreams, yet I was, in my sleep, much disturbed."

"But what was the dream?" enquired her ladyship, with some little show of curiosity.

"You shall hear, my dear. I thought I had come out from Trinity College, and got entangled in an immense and furious crowd, armed with pikes, and waving green standards, and shouting, 'Down with King William.' I was carried on by the living mass into College Green,

and forced up to where the statue of King William stands. I raised my eyes, and instead of King William, my gaze rested upon the well-remembered and noble features of Roderick O'More. He was waving a huge Orange standard, and the armed crowd yelled, 'Tear him down!—Pull him off!'—

"Roderick O'More looked down, and his eyes met mine, 'Ha, my Lord Courtown,' he exclaimed;—positively, Euphemia, I saw all this as vividly as I see you, and heard the words distinctly. 'Ha, my Lord Courtown, you here? Remember, the time is coming, when this flag will triumph over the green, and when it comes, a Roderick O'More will own the broad lands of his fathers.'

"I heard no more, for yells, screams, and peals of musketry rang through the air; I was thrown down, had a pike within an inch of my throat, when I seized the villain, and was struggling for life, when you awoke me. Now, was not that a strange dream, Euphemia?"

"You must have had a very severe fit of indigestion," replied her ladyship, rather seriously; "but it is wonderful how our uncontrolled thoughts ramble, and picture subjects and scenes foreign to our waking thoughts."

"Well, so they do, Euphemia; but nevertheless, all day yesterday I was thinking a good deal about my old friend Roderick, and his poor boy. Do you know I am not half satisfied with myself."

"There was something sad and mysterious in Roderick's fate," said Lady Courtown, "the loss of his lovely wife, for his wife she was, though the law says rather late for the fortunes of her first-born. I often thought, when I first saw her—I was very young then—I could almost have worshipped such an angelic countenance."

"By Jove!" interrupted his lordship, "I will never believe that she was ever anything else but his wife, from the very beginning. It's not likely a man of so noble a nature, and so true-hearted as Roderick O'More, could mar his child's pros-

pects for life by a tardy marriage. No, there is a profound mystery attached to the story of his early career. Where I blame myself is, in my supineness in not taking charge of the poor child."

"Why, the O'Mores took the child away immediately," said Lady Courtown.

"Mr. Creagh knows more than anyone else on the subject, and I have often heard him say that his firm belief was that Roderick O'More was married abroad, and being baffled in getting proofs of his marriage, he married a second time, to secure the rights of any future progeny; that he felt sure of recovering the proofs required to legitimize his first-born; that his will was made immediately after his child was born, and that a full history of his life was written out. Now, neither will nor record was found by Mr. Gorman O'More amongst the papers and deeds, carefully locked up in chests, and sealed with Roderick O'More's seal.

"It's all very strange," continued his lordship, thoughtfully, "situated as I now am with the

O'More family, I have no right to interfere. I remember to have heard that Roderick O'More met with some strange adventures in Spain; and, I believed, saved the life of one of the members of the reigning family, and was presented with some high honorary order."

"I protest," said Lady Courtown, who just then gazed out of the window, "there is Norah coming up the avenue from the lake; she must have left Ashgrove before breakfast."

"Well, I am rejoiced," said Lord Courtown, putting away his plate, "that the dear girl is just in time to join us. Ring the bell, Euphemia, pray excuse my unfortunate foot, and let another dish of trout, of which she is very fond, be brought up."

In a few minutes the door was thrown open, and Norah entered with a quick, light step; her beautiful, interesting, though still child-like features, flushed with health and the exercise she had just taken. Her dark eyes were sparkling with animation, and after fondly kissing Lady

Courtown, she performed the same ceremony on his lordship, saying, with her merry smile, "Ah, my dear godfather, I see the enemy is in the field," looking at his bandaged leg—"not a bad attack, I should say, to judge by your looks."

"No, my dear girl, a very lenient one, I am thankful to say. You have not breakfasted?"

"No, indeed," said Norah, throwing aside her hat; "but I assure you I am uncommonly inclined to make a famous one now."

"Your papa and mamma not home yet, I suppose, judging by a letter I received," said Lady Courtown, helping her favourite to some of the delicacies before them, not forgetting the Lough Corrib trout, just then placed upon the table.

"No, indeed," returned Norah. "What fine trout you catch in this part of the lake; we do not get them anything like so good. Do you know in a few days we shall have the house full of Dublin folks?"

"Who are they, Norah?" enquired his lordship.

"Oh, the Darcys, and some mad companions

of my brother Gorman, from college; coming to fish the lake.

"I think you must let me come and stay with you, my lord; I do not fancy those wild collegians; I will, in return for my board," she added, laughing, "nurse the baby all day, and amuse you with such wonderful stories, as shall drive away the gout in a few hours."

"That's a bargain, Norah," replied his lordship. "Those college boys are mad, and so is your brother; you will be better here."

"Now tell me," said Norah, finishing the trout, and turning to Lady Courtown, "how is the dear baby? I can only promise myself half-a-day's nursing, for I must be back to-night."

"Oh, he is thriving charmingly," returned the mother; "a little uneasy just now—cutting his teeth."

"It is very provoking," observed Lord Courtown, with a smile, "that there are two periods of our lives that our teeth particularly trouble us,

when we are, as mothers say, cutting our teeth; and when they are cutting us."

Norah laughed, thereby displaying two rows like polished ivory.

"I hear," said Lady Courtown, "that the Rev. Mr. Creagh intends paying you a visit."

"How did you hear that?" asked Norah; "do you think the dear old man wishes to convert me?"

"I should be more afraid of a dear young man doing so," returned his lordship, with a smile.

"Time enough for that in ten years, my lord," answered the laughing girl. "But I shall rejoice to see Mr Creagh. My father does not visit him, which I deeply regret, for his family are so pleasing and so amiable."

"At all events," returned Lord Courtown, "he says you are a sweet, affectionate girl, and he should really like to make a little heretic of you."

"Ah! Father Mahoney," said Norah, with a very demure expression of countenance, "would

not like to see one of his flock tempted, though, indeed, I had a little fracas with the worthy priest, the other day. Says he, trying to look grave, which does not become his jovial face,—'Miss Norah, you really must come to confession, you are fifteen, and it's full time.'

"'But, indeed, father,' I replied, 'I have nothing to confess as yet.'

"'Ho! ho!' said the priest, his little eyes buried in fat, twinkling, 'so you think you will bye-and-bye.'

"'Dear me,' said I, 'what would become of all you priests if we were all saints?"

"Norah! Norah!" cried Lord Courtown, laughing; "you are a mad-cap; you are half a heretic already. I think a Protestant lover would finally convert you."

"Ah, well, if he does, my lord, it will be his fault; he will have to answer for abusing his powers of persuasion."

"What will you do if Father Mahoney imposes penances upon you for keeping from confession?"

"I will send him a haunch of venison and some turtle ; and depend on it my penance will be very light. Now, dear Lady Courtown, let me see and have the baby all to myself."

Lady Courtown induced our heroine to remain that night, and Norah thus spent a most delightful day and evening.

The weather in Galway is like life's changes. The next day, dark clouds sailed over the ruffled lake, casting shadows on the mimic seas, and at times, the loud blast from the south-west drove heavy showers of rain against the castle windows. It was not decidedly wet, for between the squalls, which tore up the surface of the lake, the sun would break out, and for a time, the waters looked bright, though storm-tossed.

Norah, who cared very little about a moderate ducking, had her jennet brought out for her return to Ashgrove, notwithstanding all Lord and Lady Courtown could say ; his lordship wishing to send her home in his carriage. But Norah laughed heartily at the idea of hesitating to

canter over a fine road nine miles, whether it rained or blew.

"It can only damp my habit, not my spirits," she said, as she sprung upon her spirited favourite, who pawed the ground impatient to be off. So, kissing her hand to his lordship, who watched her at the window, she departed, promising Lady Courtown to come over the day after her brother and his rollicking companions arrived.

She rode the first six miles, followed closely by her staid groom, before a drop of rain fell, though the sky over the lake became appallingly black, and the storm of wind lulled as if by magic.

Norah checked her speed, struck by the sudden silence of the storm, the stillness only broken by the noise of the mimic swell, as it ran up the pebbly shore of the lake. She looked up—the sky appeared fearful: it had collected into a thunder storm.

"You had better take shelter at McFarlane's,

Miss Norah; it's quite close, for there's a terrible storm coming, and the young horse I'm breaking will bolt."

"It's only three miles," said Norah; "ten minutes will take us home."

She remembered, at the moment, that her father had sternly forbid her entering the neat and orderly farm house of Mr. McFarlane. She therefore gave the reins to her pony, and galloped on; but the next moment, just as they were passing McFarlane's gate, the sky opened, and a sheet of electric fluid issued, blinding in its dazzling brightness, followed instantly by a peal of thunder, like no earthly sound that man ever heard from the most powerful artillery.

Norah, with great coolness, mastered her jennet's terror; but a cry from the groom caused her to wheel round, when with an exclamation of sorrow, she beheld her groom fall heavily to the ground, the young horse he rode, rearing madly with fear, over-balanced himself and fell, but the next moment rose again, and tossing its

head wildly in the air, darted off at a furious gallop. This, and the repeated flashes of lightning, so completely terrified her jennet, that it would, despite Norah's efforts, have gone off also wild with fear; had not a young man, in a plain sailor's attire, rushed through McFarlane's gate, seized the bridle in his powerful grasp, and throwing his arms round Norah, lifted her like a child from the saddle.

"Thank you! thank you!" said the young girl, agitated; "but now I pray you lift up poor James Tummins; I fear he is dangerously hurt. You may let my jennet go; now her fear is over, she will not quit me."

So saying, she ran on to where the groom was making a weak effort to rise. The young sailor let the bridle go, and true enough, with an impatient neigh, the pony walked after her mistress. A young woman, neatly attired, and looking pale and startled, came out from the farm-house, and ran towards the young man and Miss O'More.

"Oh! James; I am so afraid you are greatly hurt," cried Norah, as the young man lifted the old groom up and placed him on a bank. The thunder was rolling away in the distance, but a deluge of rain was threatening to fall.

"No, miss," said the groom, "thanks to the blessed saints! I'm only shook. If this young—' and as he spoke, he looked up into the stranger's face, and hesitated.

"Oh! I will carry you," said the sailor, who looked well able to do so, "and think nothing of it;" and he lifted the groom in his young, powerful arms, and walked on with him towards the farm-house, followed by Norah, who gazed at the young man with exceeding surprise. Just then she was joined by Bessy McFarlane.

"Oh, Miss Norah, make haste into the house; the rain is falling like a deluge on the lake."

Norah knew Bessy very well, and admired her greatly, and sometimes spoke to her coming out of chapel; though she so far obeyed her father

in not entering her father's house. As the young woman spoke, heavy drops of rain began to fall, and Norah, as she hurried along, said,

"I will accept your hospitality, Bessy; especially for poor James, who, I fear, is more hurt than he likes to own. Is that young man your brother Phelim?"

"No, miss," said Bessy, as they ran in through the gate, the rain coming down in torrents, "he's a comrade of Phelim's."

Mrs. McFarlane met them at the door, whilst one of the farm men ran and took the pony into the stable.

"Oh, dear, Miss Norah," exclaimed the comely Mrs. McFarlane, "how lucky it was you got as far as this before the terrible storm broke."

"Yes," said Norah. "Very fortunate; but I am uneasy about James," and she followed Mrs. McFarlane into the kitchen.

The young sailor had placed the groom upon a settle, and Mr. McFarlane was offering him a stiff glass of hot whisky and water, a general

cure for all complaints, from the toothache to the headache, in Ireland, and we confess it is sometimes very efficacious in the latter disease.

"Don't be vexed, Miss Norah," said the groom, swallowing the mixture; "faix, I had a bad fall, but no bones broken, thanks to the Virgin; but the beast is gone off to the house, and will frighten the people about yourself, miss."

"Never mind that, James; thank God you are so little injured;" and then turning round, she let her eyes rest upon the striking features of the young sailor, who was standing leaning against the settle, with his bright dark orbs fixed upon her, with a singularly strange expression; Norah started, and her cheeks flushed—why she could not tell—as she said,

"I have to thank you, sir, for your ready assistance; indeed, but for your prompt seizing of my naughty favourite, I should have been thrown perhaps."

"You are too good a horsewoman to be thrown, Miss O'More," said the young man, in a low

tone; "but I may have prevented your favourite from over-exerting itself."

"You have my gratitude for that, at all events," returned the young girl, thoughtfully, as with another look at the stranger, she followed Bessy McFarlane into a small but neat parlour off the kitchen. There were some books upon a shelf, various pictures of saints, and one or two famous racers, as a set-off against the gaudily coloured vestments of the saints.

"How it does pour, Bessy," observed Norah, as she sat down and made the young woman seat herself beside her.

"Now, Bessy, I have never gone to confession myself; but I must try and get you to confess. Who is the young man in the kitchen; for a sailor he is not?"

"Indeed—indeed, Miss Norah, you are wrong," answered Bessy, quite calmly; "he is a sailor, and brought me such a long letter from my brother Phelim, who is now on board the Terpsichore, in Plymouth harbour. The young man

and Phelim are in the same ship, and they were in France together."

Bessy spoke quite naturally, and looked so unconcerned, that Norah was satisfied.

"Well, Bessy, I have not seen many sailors, and certainly never conversed with one but your friend, or sweetheart."

Bessy laughed, saying, "Law, Miss Norah, he is seven or eight years younger than I am; bless me, he's quite a youth; he says only nineteen, and I'm full seven and twenty."

"Dear me," said Norah, "only nineteen! What a very powerful young man; I was particularly struck with his voice. I shall not easily forget its remarkable tone. I may say to you, Bessy, I think he has one of the handsomest faces I ever saw."

"Yes, he's very good looking, indeed; and very kind and nice in his talk; he goes back to his ship in a couple of days."

"What's his name, Bessy?" asked Norah, fixing her expressive eyes on those of the young woman.

"His name," said Bessy, her colour suddenly increasing. "Oh, Patrick Rooney."

"Patrick Rooney," returned Norah, a smile stealing over her sweet face. "Well, I see after all, Bessy, I have not Father Mahoney's power of persuasion; but, tell me, how long has your brother been on board a man-of-war?"

"Oh! a long time, miss. He is two or three years younger than I am; he went to sea with Master Roderick Magnus O'More."

"Roderick Magnus O'More!" repeated Norah, with a start. "Who is this O'More? I never heard any of the family having that name but my father's brother, who was so lamentably killed by a fall from his horse."

"Dear me, Miss Norah! I'm speaking of your uncle's son."

A bright colour rushed over Norah's cheek and temples as she slowly repeated, "my uncle's son!"

"Did you never hear, miss, of that beautiful boy?" asked Bessy McFarlane, her voice a little

tremulous; "left fatherless and motherless, and —saints in glory!—friendless also. No, no, not friendless, neither; one humble heart loved him better than life, and clung to him, Miss Norah, through storm and tempest, as the ivy clings to the oak. Oh, Miss Norah, darling, you are not angry;" and the kind-hearted Irish girl laid her warm hand on our young heroine's fair taper fingers.

"Angry!" said Norah, looking up and pressing Bessy's hand, her own face pale from painful thoughts. "No, no,—far from it. I know but little, very little, of my poor uncle's life. I was told there was a young boy—who—who—" she hesitated, "who had no claims on any one."

"Ah! saints in glory!" exclaimed Bessy, clasping her hands. "No claims! wasn't he the great O'More's son? Didn't his beautiful mother—more like a saint in heaven than mortal —didn't she—"

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. McFarlane entered; and Bessy, down whose cheeks a

tear was falling, paused. Norah was exceedingly agitated and pale. Mrs. MacFarlane did not, however, notice their agitation. She merely said, "your man, Miss Norah, is greatly recovered, but I think you had better leave him here for some hours longer. I will send one of my men with you—"

"Oh, no," interrupted Norah, "there is no occasion. I will thank you, now the rain is over, to let your man bring round my jennet. I shall be home in ten minutes. I am so glad that James has sustained no serious injury."

"They shall bring round the little mare directly, miss, for fear this lull of the rain may be only for a few minutes."

When Mrs. McFarlane had left the room, Norah said, taking Bessy's hand, "You and I must meet again; I must hear more of this."

"I shall be so happy, Miss Norah. I know your papa would not like you to visit our poor house, because he was offended that father would not sell him this little farm, which he purchased

of your noble uncle, who took care he should never be deprived of it, except of his own free will. Did you never, Miss Norah, see the grand picture of your aunt in her bridal dress, for she was married—" Bessy hesitated, and then boldly said, "in Spain, before she came to Ireland; and there's a picture of Master Magnus drawn, when he was eight years old."

"Where are those pictures," said Norah, greatly excited, and full of thought.

"They are in the left wing of Ashgrove, which is shut up. I'm sure if you ask Mrs. Hillas, the housekeeper, to shew them to you she will."

"I will ask her, Bessy; and now, good-bye; there is my jennet;" and putting her arm round the young woman's neck, she kissed her affectionately, saying, "I will contrive to see you again. But now, just whisper to me—who is the young man you call Rooney? Come, Bessy, be candid; I partly suspect."

"Well, then," returned the young woman, in a low voice, "he's your lawful cousin, Roderick

Magnus O'More, as sure as there is a saint in glory !"

Norah bent down her head, but said not a word; her hand shook as she took up her riding whip, and walked out through the door into the kitchen. James was sitting before the fire—he wanted to get up, but Norah laid her hand on his shoulder, saying, " Keep very quiet, James, and I will send the car down for you."

" God bless your kind heart, miss," said the old man, " I shall be quite able to go home. I hope they have caught the horse."

" Oh ! he's sure to be caught," answered Norah; and thanking Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane, she took Bessy's arm and went outside the house. Holding the jennet, and caressing it, stood the young sailor. Norah felt exceedingly agitated and thought as he stood with his hand upon the mane of the spirited little steed—for the jennet was barely fourteen hands high—Norah thought she never beheld so commanding and noble a figure,—set off to ad-

vantage by his simple sailor's dress of fine dark blue cloth. Conquering her emotion, she approached, and again thanking the young man for the assistance he had rendered her, she accepted his hand to place her in the saddle. She had promised Bessy not to betray the secret she had confided to her, so, with a heightened colour, she took the reins, and letting her eyes rest for a moment on his features she gracefully saluted him, and then, at a quick pace, proceeded towards Ashgrove. About half-a-mile on the road she met two of the domestics. The run-away horse had returned, and frightened the whole household.

Norah rode slowly home; her young heart had received a shock. "Surely," said she to herself "if what Bessy McFarlane says is true, my father has no right to the lands he holds,—so good and kind a nobleman as Lord Courtown would never desert a child of my uncle's, if he thought him entitled to his protection; strange that I should never have heard his name men-

tioned by one of my family. I must believe Bessy is mistaken."

Norah passed a restless night; Roderick Magnus O'More haunted her slumbers. After a long tiresome lecture from her governess, which Norah listened to in silence, the young girl took the opportunity of Mrs. Marsham's going in the car to Galway, to make some purchases, to seek Mrs. Hillas, the housekeeper.

CHAPTER III.

NORAH proceeded to the housekeeper's room, and found that important personage at that moment unoccupied.

Norah was a great favourite with Mrs. Hillas, who was a highly respectable and very kind-hearted woman.

"Pray, my dear Mrs. Hillas," began Norah, in her coaxing voice. "Pray what became of all the fine old furniture and pictures that were here, before papa new furnished the rooms?"

"Law, miss!" returned the housekeeper, "Sure your papa ordered them all to be taken down from the walls,—the pictures of the family, I mean,—and they and the fine old furniture were

all stowed away in the great rooms in the left wing, in fact they fill up two of the best rooms in the house, and when we have company, we often want them; the mistress wished to have them all sold, but your papa said he would prefer burning them."

"How very strange!" said Norah, and she looked very thoughtful. "Would you have any objection, my dear Mrs. Hillas, to letting me have a look at the pictures?"

"Dear me, Miss Norah, I can see no harm in letting you see them; I was never desired not to do so, and the family portraits are so beautiful. There's your uncle and aunt's portrait, and that of the poor unfortunate little boy. Poor child! it was not his fault, Miss Norah, that his father married after his birth; but it was a pity,—I mean for him, miss, to be sure; but what is to be is to be." So saying Mrs. Hillas looked about her store-room till she pounced upon a bunch of keys. Furnished with these, she led the way to the west wing.

On reaching the door of the two apartments which led one into the other, the housekeeper unlocked the door, and entering the room, opened the shutters of two of the windows facing the portraits which were suspended against the wall; and, which, to Norah's surprise, were covered with cloths.

"There's a lot of strange old things here, miss, but many are costly and beautiful, still; though your mother declares they are out of date and out of fashion."

Norah bestowed little attention upon the many articles in the room; she waited till Mrs. Hillas drew back the curtains from the pictures, their frames heavily carved and elaborately gilded.

"I will leave you, miss, to look at the pictures at your leisure, as I have a little job to get through. I often come in here and get the pictures dusted and some of these things here cleaned,—it goes to my heart to neglect them."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hillas," said Norah. "Your kindness in gratifying me, I shall not

forget. I will lock the door and bring you the key as soon as I have examined the pictures."

"Oh, don't take that trouble, miss; I will do that by-and-bye, long before Mrs. Marsham returns;" so saying, she departed.

Norah remained, wrapt in admiration, gazing upon the portrait of the Spanish wife of her uncle, Roderick O'More.

"Oh! how beautiful!" she exclaimed, half aloud, "and how happily the artist must have caught the fascinating touching expression of her features. Those features," thought the young girl, "never belonged to an adventuress, nor a person of low birth."

Mrs. O'More, to Norah's eyes, did not appear more than two or three and twenty; her figure magnificent, her attire evidently Spanish, and no doubt a bridal dress; and of a most costly description. It was a full-length portrait, representing Mrs. O'More as standing near an antique cabinet, with her hand resting on the lid of a casket of jewels; the position was graceful

and unstudied. In the full dark eyes of her aunt, Norah at once recognized a resemblance to the young man she had seen at the farm.

From her aunt she turned with a sigh to her uncle. "How grand! majestic, and how handsome," she mentally exclaimed. "There is a likeness to papa, but still, how unlike. How melancholy, how truly sad that both should die in the flower of their youth, and they so fond, and with the prospect of a long life of happiness before them;" unconsciously she spoke the words aloud, and so wrapt was her attention, that she did not perceive that she was no longer alone.

"Such is life, my dear young lady," said a mild, pleasing voice, "and the ways of a just and wise Providence must not be questioned."

Norah turned round, surprised, but the moment her eyes rested on the venerable and pleasing features of Mr. Creagh, the Protestant clergyman of Ashtown, she advanced towards him, taking the hand he held out to her, pressing it warmly and affectionately.

Mr. Creagh was in his seventieth year. His congregation very small, there being but three Protestant families in the vicinity, and amongst the poor only a dozen; but being a man of independent means he managed to win the esteem and respect of all parties, no matter what their faith. He had been the bosom friend of the late Roderick O'More; he it was who married him to his beautiful Spanish wife, for such he declared she was, before they quitted Spain.

At the period of Mr. Roderick O'More's death, Mr. Creagh was unfortunately in Bath, for the benefit of his health, and on his return was shocked to hear of his friend's untimely death and the disappearance of his son. He at once waited upon Mr. Gorman O'More, and requested permission to have the care of his brother's orphan child. He made no attempt to convince Mr. O'More of the child's legitimacy; as the law had failed to prove it, he could furnish no more tangible evidence, therefore he remained silent on the subject.

To his request concerning the child, Mr. O'More coldly replied, "that it was more natural that he should have the care of the boy; that he had done his duty and provided for his future maintenance and tuition, and that he felt satisfied he would be properly taken care of."

Mr. Creagh knew human nature well; with the workings of the heart he was well acquainted; so after a few common-place observations he retired, fully convinced in his own mind that the unfortunate boy would not be done justice to, but how to counteract his evil fortune he knew not.

Requesting pardon of our readers for this digression, we return to Norah and Mr. Creagh.

"My dear sir," exclaimed our heroine, "you must pardon me for being so absorbed. I really did not hear your footsteps,—permit me to accompany you to the drawing-room."

"Not yet, my dear child," replied Mr. Creagh. "I came here for the express purpose of taking one last look on the portraits of those I loved so well in life. Good Mrs. Hillas permitted me

this favour; though I know it is not strictly correct to take advantage of your father's absence, still, my heart was so bent upon this visit that I determined this morning to gratify my wish, and Mrs. Hillas, who is a most excellent woman, came with me to the entrance of the corridor, and told me you were here."

"Oh, I am so happy," said Norah, as they both advanced towards the pictures, "that your kind heart will be gratified by again beholding the likenesses of those whom you remember with such affection."

The tears were in the old man's eyes, as they rested on the features of Mrs. O'More.

"You think, no doubt, Miss Norah, that she was very lovely, but her beauty was her least attraction,—a purer, kinder heart never existed. She died as a Christian should die,—resigned and hoping. I was by her side to the last. She became a Protestant from no persuasion of her beloved husband, but from her own conviction."

"Do you know who she was?" asked Norah, timidly.

"I do, Miss Norah; but excuse me, we must not talk of family matters in the absence of your parents. I may say, however, that she was a lady of high rank in her native land. Now let me look upon the noble features of my old and beloved friend,—one whom I cherished as a boy, and, alas! was fated to outlive."

The old man gazed long and steadily upon the portrait of Mr. O'More. Norah could see that his eyes were dim with tears; and that his hand, as he raised it to wipe the tears away, trembled with agitation.

Norah felt almost as much agitation, for her heart told her that some foul wrong had been done to those upon whose features she gazed. She turned to look at the noble boy, and started; for the likeness to the young man in the sailor's dress was most striking.

"He was a lovely child, and so singularly

precocious," said Mr. Creagh; "he thought, at nine years old, like a grown person. Come, Miss Norah, this sight unmans me, I am doing wrong," and turning hastily away, he walked along the corridor, followed by the silent and abstracted Norah.

For one so full of life and animal spirits as Norah O'More, the next two days were passed in solitude, and unusual thought. Aware that Magnus O'More was at Mrs. McFarlane's, she refrained from going there, though she longed to see Bessy, to ask her a thousand questions. The third day she received a letter from Dublin, and so did Mrs. Hillas, announcing that the family would return at the end of the week, and would bring several visitors, and desiring that everything might be got ready for their reception.

Norah was annoyed; she dreaded being obliged to stay at home, for she felt certain she would not get permission to absent herself at Courtown. Walking along the bottom of the lawn in the afternoon, she beheld Bessy McFarlane coming

along the road that ran between the lawn and the waters of the lake. Bessy had a basket on her arm, and, as she came nearer, Norah went to a side-gate and met her.

"I am so glad to see you, Bessy," said the young girl. "I intended to have gone and paid you a visit; but, you know—" and Norah hesitated.

"Oh, dear Miss Norah," interrupted Bessy, with a smile, "you might have come, for he's gone to join his ship."

Norah coloured to the temples. "Gone!" she repeated. "Well, if that's the case, I will walk with you towards your pretty farm. I have a great many questions to ask you."

"Come to-morrow, at twelve, Miss Norah," said Bessy. "Father and mother are going to the fair in Galway, and then I shall have time to talk to you. You're not offended I hope, miss, at my freedom?"

"No, Bessy; it's the very thing I wished. So good-bye now, for I see you are in a hurry; to-

morrow I will be with you by twelve o'clock. I will walk, and then we shall have a long gossip."

"Very well, miss; I shall be delighted to see you. I certainly am in a bit of a hurry now, for I am taking some things to a sick neighbour."

"Ah!" said Norah; "you mean, no doubt, the widow Brady, who is sick, and—poor thing—so are two of her children. I sent over this morning a basketful of things, and Mr. Creagh said he would visit her, for she is one of his flock."

"The saints bless you, Miss Norah! You are ever thoughtful and good. Good-bye till to-morrow."

The next day Norah was punctual, and met Bessy McFarlane at the gate.

"I would have walked to meet you, dear Miss Norah," said the latter; "but there's not a soul left about the place but myself."

"We shall have all the time to ourselves, then," returned Norah, following Bessy into the

neat, tidy parlour; the table covered with all the little dainties of a well-managed farm and household. "How delicious your cream cheeses look! My walk has given me such an appetite."

Bessy looked pleased and happy at seeing her guest sitting down, and enjoying her dainties. In a short time our heroine and the comely Irish girl became as intimate as if they had known each other for years.

"Now, Bessy," said Miss O'More, "I must tell you that my curiosity is greatly excited. I have seen the portraits of my ill-fated aunt and uncle, and their much-to-be-pitied and truly unfortunate son. That dear old man, the Rev. Mr. Creagh, was at Ashgrove, and he also looked at the portraits, and appeared greatly distressed; but, for many reasons, he declined speaking on the subject, or dwelling on the past at all."

"Well, indeed, dear Miss Norah, perhaps I ought not either to meddle with family matters."

"Oh, do not be afraid, Bessy," returned Norah, anxiously. "I will not ask indiscreet questions."

"Well, miss," returned Bessy, with a smile, "you shall be my confessor, and I will make a clean breast of it."

"First of all, then, Bessy, I want to know how Magnus O'More became an officer in the navy. Did my father place him in the service?"

"Bless me! no, Miss Norah. He owes all the kindness he has ever received to total strangers; and, afterwards, his promotion to his own gallantry and courage."

"But how did he and your brother Phelim become such fast friends, and be in the same ship?"

"I will tell you, miss. During Lieutenant Magnus O'More's father's life, and when he was a young boy, Phelim was his own special attendant; and Phelim loved him with a devotion not to be surpassed. After his father's death,

Master Magnus was put into a chaise by his tutor, Mr. Hamilton, and carried away from Ashgrove. Phelim resolved to follow the chaise that bore him away. Well, miss, he was baffled a long time; but at last he found Master Magnus shut up in a cabin, with an old woman called Muggins.

"They planned to escape, but were caught by smugglers, who owned the cabin and caves under it. They took the two boys to sea in their smuggling cutter, which, in a great storm, was dashed against a great French man-of-war; and only Master Magnus and Phelim, and the skipper of the smuggler, whose name was Muggins, were saved.

"On board this great French ship was a Lieutenant O'Brien, an Irishman, but in the French service. He took a great fancy to Master Magnus, who told him his history; and, when the ship returned to France, he took Master Magnus and Phelim ashore with him. It was peace then, miss; and, after a time, Lieutenant

O'Brien met with a Captain Broomly, an English officer, travelling in France, with an only son. The good-hearted O'Brien interested Captain Broomly about his little favourite, and this noble Englishman promised to protect the deserted and forlorn little orphan."

"May God bless his noble heart!" cried Norah, greatly interested. "Why, Bessy, your story would make a romance."

"Faith, Miss Norah, I don't exactly know what a romance is; but my story is nothing to the reality. So, miss, Captain Broomly took Master Magnus and Phelim (who is five years older than his master), to England. Being a gentleman of large fortune and great humanity, and his wife a most amiable and benevolent lady, Master Magnus was sent to a great school with their own son, and the two lads became greatly attached to each other. Phelim was sent home, with a promise that the moment Master Magnus was old enough he was to be a midshipman, and Phelim was to enter aboard the same

ship. And so, to our great joy and wonder, for we thought dear Phelim was lost for ever, he came back.

"I'm not tiring you, miss, am I?" said Bessy McFarlane, looking into Norah's expressive features.

"No, no, Bessy," said Norah, seriously, for her thoughts were very busy, and they were painful ones too. "I am deeply interested; I am anxious to know how the faithful Phelim joined his master again."

"Yes, Miss Norah, Phelim was faithful, his heart and soul were with Master Magnus; and that he might not be an ignorant sailor when the time came for him to enter aboard a man-of-war, he went as a sailor boy aboard a schooner out of Galway, and thus became, in time, an able seaman, and then when Master Magnus was thirteen years old, he joined the same ship, for Captain Broomly wrote for him, and then the frigate they were in, sailed round the world; they were three years away, and such adventures as they met,

taking pirates, and all kinds of perils they went through; and Master Magnus's daring courage as a boy, astonished all. Well, miss, after six years' service, Master Magnus was made lieutenant, for his great skill and courage won him great praise and Lord somebody—I forget his name—took great interest in him, and he was soon presented to a ship—the Thames was her name, and Phelim followed him, and they made rich prizes; and Phelim had a lot of money, and sent us all home such presents, and, bye-and-by, miss, I will show you the grand things Master Magnus sent us, together with a hundred pounds to father, to buy stock for his farm. Ah, Miss Norah, there never was such a heart as Master Magnus has; twice he saved Phelim's life; once, in an enemy's ship, when my dear brother fell, from the blow of a musket, and the ships were separating, he took him in his arms, and, amid a frightful fire, leaped into the sea with him, and kept him up till the boats of their own frigate picked them up. At last the Thames was captured, after a desperate

fight with the French ships; but Lieutenant O'More—as I ought to call Master Magnus—and Phelim contrived to escape with some of the men in a boat, and in a storm they were cast ashore on the French coast. I can't tell you, Miss Norah, all the wonderful adventures they had in France. They were in prison in Nantes, and were condemned to death; but were saved by Captain O'Brien, then a commander, being sent to seek some one in the prisons, and there he recognised Lieutenant O'More, and got him out of France, I believe; but they had other escapes I cannot remember, for Phelim would tell his story his own way, and what with French words and sea phrases, dear me, he quite confused me. However, they got safe to England, and contrived to bring with them a French royalist lady and her daughter, and now they are both on board the Terpsichore, a fine frigate, going out to the Mediterranean. Lietenant O'More, however, could not refrain from coming here to have one look at the home of his childhood; and now, Miss Norah, I have

told you all I know, and if I have said anything wrong, or——."

"Nay, Bessy," interrupted Norah, laying her hand on the plump rosy arm of the farmer's daughter; "do not think, for a moment, that I jokingly constituted myself your confessor; anything confided to me is locked up in my own heart."

"Do you know, Miss Norah," said Bessy, archly, "that I think you are half a Protestant, and, if ever you have a Protestant lover, he will finish your conversion?"

"Well, so Lord Courtown told me," said Norah, laughing; but the next instant her sweet youthful face wore a serious expression. "It is not good, Bessy, to banter upon religious subjects; if ever I change—and I tell you truly, it's not unlikely—it will be from pure conviction."

The conversation reverted to the old channel, and for two hours longer Norah remained, deeply interested in what Bessy McFarlane related of past events. She then took an affectionate

leave of her companion, and returned to Ashgrove in a very serious and reflective mood.

Three or four days after the foregoing conversation, the family returned from Dublin, with several visitors of both sexes. Norah was permitted to go and spend her time at Courtown Castle, being considered too young for matrimonial speculations, and her worldly-minded mother required her chamber for a particular and favourite guest.

CHAPTER IV.

We pass over a period of two years. Norah had become a lovely and accomplished girl; she was in her seventeenth year, and had formed a sincere friendship with the Honourable Miss Germain, niece to Lord Belltown, one of the Lords of the Admiralty. She first met this young lady at Courtown Castle. Lord and Lady Courtown had spent the preceding season in London, and brought back Miss Germain with them, to pass the summer at their castle on the lake.

The following season Norah accompanied Lady Courtown to London, her own family also going to spend some months there. Norah managed so well that she succeeded in getting Bessy McFarlane

to go with her as her own special attendant. Amongst the visitors at her mother's residence in London, Norah often encountered a young baronet, Sir James de Boriden, well known on the turf, a friend of her brother Gorman, and a constant guest at her father's table.

Sir James de Boriden possessed large estates in Cumberland, and was a personage much sought after by careful mothers who had daughters to provide with wealthy husbands. It did not at all signify that the young baronet was known to be a gay man, or that he recklessly sported his thousands on the race course. He was known to be a fast man, but a safe better; and as his name never appeared on a bill, or in the papers, as a loser on the turf, he was considered to bear the very best of characters.

Norah O'More captivated his fancy beyond any lady he had ever seen; her beauty and grace created a sensation in the circle in which she mingled, and Sir James came at once to the determination of having her for a wife. He had

not the slightest doubt about his success. He was a tall, fashionable handsome, man, not more than six and twenty. Young Gorman O'More already was nine thousand pounds in his books for money lent, and for rash bets. Norah's dissipated, plotting, and worthless Uncle Hamilton, who was a subservient follower and imitator of the baronet, also was largely in his debt, so that, in case of need, he had two of the family on his side. But Norah was probably the very last person whose affections Sir James Boriden was likely to gain. She was no longer the wild but fascinating Galway beauty, cantering her jennet across the country, heedless of hedge or ditch. Norah was strangely altered, but she was infinitely more lovely.

Norah very soon perceived that Sir James's attentions were infinitely more *empressé* than she at all desired; therefore her manner to the baronet became much more reserved. Her brother Gorman perceived the change, and waiting for an opportunity, he accosted his sister in a harsh

and imperious manner, and demanded what she possibly could mean by such conduct to a man, who honoured her with his attention, and one who was every way her superior.

Norah's old humour for the moment returned ; with a merry laugh at her brother's supercilious manner, she said,

"Really, Gorman, I never expected such a speech from an O'More ; to call a baronet of fifty years, the superior of an O'More, whose ancestors can be traced back to the first Henry. To call any one a superior, is beneath the dignity of an O'More ! Recollect De Boriden's great grandfather was a Sheffield manufacturer, who bequeathed some two hundred thousand pounds to his son, who putting a 'de' before the name, spent half the money in procuring a baronetcy for his son."

"Upon my word, Miss O'More," returned Gorman, with a savage sneer, "you have been minute in your searches into the family history of the De Boridens : but take care what you do

or say, for the baronet's wife you shall be!" and with a passionate and unbecoming oath, Gorman O'More hurried from the room, muttering to himself, "she thinks she can be saucy because her godfather made her a birthday present of twenty thousand pounds; but she has something to learn yet."

That same day, Norah and Miss St. Germain proceeded to St. James' Park; which was a fashionable lounge at that period during a certain hour of the day.

Whilst there, they were joined by Mrs. O'More, her brother Gorman, and her uncle Hamilton, the two last named personages dressed most elaborately, but certainly not tastefully, for they carried the fashions of the times to an extremity.

Gorman O'More was attracted by the grace and beauty of the Honourable Miss Germain; he also had the vanity to imagine he had made an impression on that young lady's heart.

But men deceive themselves wonderfully at

times; self-vanity is a marvellous thing, for if the truth was told, Miss Germain greatly disliked Gorman O'More, whose habits, manners and tastes were directly opposed to her own, though, on account of her attachment to Norah, she perhaps hesitated to give a decided check to his familiarity.

As Norah and Emily sauntered on before the rest of the party, they suddenly encountered a tall and remarkably handsome young man in a naval uniform. Both young ladies looked up, and as Norah's eyes rested for an instant upon the face of the stranger, she started, and coloured to the temples, whilst the young man, with a flush on his cheek, raised his hat from his head, and saluted her. She somewhat recovered herself, and returned his salutation gracefully; but did not pause in her walk; on the contrary, she urged the surprised Miss Germain on. The stranger looked chagrined, but with a low bow, passed on.

"You know that gentleman—and an exceed-

ingly fine handsome young man he is; who is he, Norah, and why, after saluting him, did you urge me on," questioned Miss Germain.

"I know him, and yet I do not know him, Emily," returned Norah, "but whether or no, it would not do for me to pause and speak to him now; it is two years since he rendered me a slight service; then he was in the dress of a common sailor. Now he is in the uniform of an officer."

"You were almost a child two years ago, Norah," said Miss Germain, "but hark!" and both girls, with a start turned round, and walked back, hearing the stranger speaking in a haughty tone and manner to Mr. Hamilton, who, as they came up, looked fearfully pale, whilst the stranger's features were flushed, and his voice deep and cutting.

"Yes, I remember you well," said the young officer, addressing Mr. Hamilton; "years have not weakened my memory, or obliterated from my heart your cruel conduct."

"Who are you, sir?" said Gorman O'More, in a towering passion, striding up in front of the stranger. "How dare you so rudely and impertinently intercept our path?"

The stranger's eyes flashed as he calmly answered,

"You ask me who I am, sir; though this is not a place for a scene like this. I will answer you. My name is Roderick Magnus O'More."

"You are a liar and impostor," exclaimed Gorman, furiously, and raising his walking stick, he struck a violent blow at the stranger's face, but the stick was grasped powerfully, and wrested from Gorman's hand, as if held by a child. For an instant, the young officer hesitated; the next he broke the expensive cane in pieces, and contemptuously tossing the fragments into Gorman's face, raised his hat to the terrified girls and the half fainting Mrs. O'More, and rapidly walked from the spot, as several persons were coming down the walk.

"What an audacious young villain and an im-

postor," said Mrs. O'More, recovering herself, and grasping her brother's arm, who looked, however, but ill able to support her, for he trembled violently.

"Come, Norah dear, you are agitated," whispered Miss Germain, "let us move on and gain our carriage. Your mother will be taken care of. See, we are attracting attention."

Norah, seeing her mother, and Mr. Hamilton, and her brother Gorman hastily walking on, without heeding her, followed her friend's advice.

"What an extraordinary scene, Norah," said Miss Germain; "can you explain it."

"Yes—yes, another time, Emily. Not now; it's a family history, and a melancholy one," she added, with a sigh.

"Yes, I can fancy that it's a family affair; but who on earth is Magnus O'More; be he who he may, I never saw a more noble looking youth. So commanding and so graceful."

"To-morrow, Emily, you know I spend the

day with you. I will then tell you all I know, though not a subject to speak of to every one."

The next day, when alone together, Emily said,

"I think, Norah, I have something to tell you in return for your intended history. Do you know I dined yesterday in company with the identical young officer we encountered in the Park."

"Dined with Lieutenant O'More," repeated Norah, in the greatest amazement.

"Plain matter of fact; so you see, this Lieutant O'More is creating quite a sensation. Now as I perceive you are dying with curiosity, I will, as your old priest at Courtown used to say, make a clean breast of it. Yesterday's affair in the Park," continued Miss Germain, "flurried and amazed me a good deal, for I do not like to give good people room for gossip. On returning home, I dressed for dinner, and on descending to the drawing-room, who should I see sitting chatting quite comfortably with my aunt and Cousin

Gertrude, but your mysterious namesake, Roderick Magnus O'More.

"I started and hesitated, but my aunt solved any doubts I might have on the subject by introducing the gentleman as Lieutenant O'More.

"I was certainly a little embarrassed, whilst Mr. O'More seemed singularly self-possessed for one so young. My aunt saw there was something between us; but Mr. O'More at once said, turning to my aunt,

"'I hope your ladyship will excuse my having most unintentionally caused Miss Germain a little alarm this afternoon in the Park.'

"My aunt looked mystified, but by this time I had completely recovered myself, and ventured to turn the conversation, when just in the nick of time—in walked my uncle, Lord Beltown. He seemed highly pleased to see his guest, shook him cordially by the hand, and the conversation became general till dinner was announced. There was not a soul with us, for you know I told you how fond my uncle is of a quiet evening at

home, with only his family and a favourite guest. A more agreeable young man than Mr. O'More I never met. My uncle purposely, by some remarks and questions, drew from the young sailor a history of several strange scenes in his life.

"I was greatly interested, and when I went up into the drawing-room with my aunt, leaving my uncle and his guest together, Lady Beltown said,

"'That is a very remarkable young man, and singularly handsome, his eyes and complexion betray his Spanish origin.'

"'Spanish,' I repeated, 'were his parents Spanish?'

"'His mother was, I understand,' replied my aunt. "'His father was an Irish gentleman.'

"'But where did my father meet with him?' demanded my cousin Gertrude, 'for till to-day I never saw him, and my father seems quite fond of him.'

"'He is a protegé of your father's,' returned Lady Beltown; 'he brought a letter of introduction from Captain Broomsgrove, an old

companion and fellow sailor on board the same ship. So his lordship received him most kindly, admired his appearance and manners, and got him appointed to a ship. He has behaved most gallantly in action, and is now third lieutenant of the Terpischore, which sails shortly for the Mediterranean.'

"That's all my aunt knew. We spent a very pleasant evening, and I can tell you, Miss Norah, that he is amazingly struck with your beautiful face; there, you need not blush,—you are quite handsome enough. So now brighten up, and satisfy my curiosity, for the little I know creates a desire to know more."

Norah looked exceedingly thoughtful, but rousing herself from somewhat painful reflections she gave Miss Germain a full history of her family, and how they came to inherit the estates of Roderick O'More, and also all she had heard from Bessy McFarlane with regard to Magnus O'More.

"This is a strange tale, Norah," said Miss

Germain, seriously, as our heroine finished; "and one I have no doubt that troubles you sadly, for I can easily see you believe this Magnus O'More to be the real heir to the Ashgrove estates. Now this may or may not be, nevertheless you could not expect your father should surrender his rights to a youth whose claims cannot be substantiated. It's not in human nature; besides, if your father were so romantically inclined, the law would not sanction the act. Other claimants to the estates would start up."

The two friends talked long and earnestly upon the subject; but Lord Beltown's daughter entering the room, the discourse turned upon other subjects.

A few days after the above conversation had taken place, Mr. O'More requested his daughter's presence in his library.

Norah could very well imagine the cause of this request; she, therefore, calmly entered the room, her mind perfectly determined that, come

what would, accept the hand of Sir James Boriden she would not.

Mr. O'More, since the marriage of Lord Courtown and the birth of an heir to the title and property and estates of Courtown, cutting him and his children in all human probability out of the succession, had become ten times more gloomy and dissatisfied. Bitterly he cursed Mr. McGrab, and as bitterly he bewailed his own perverseness with respect to the thirteen acres of bog land. He would have driven the attorney from the snug berth he held, and from his service, but for one or two secrets Mr. Mc Grab possessed. So the attorney remained law and land agent, and feathered his nest remarkably well, as gentlemen generally do following that honourable profession.

Mr. O'More, as his daughter entered the room he for the time called his library, was sitting at a table covered with papers, letters, and parchment documents. He was writing, but he laid down his pen, and in rather a subdued tone said,

"Take a chair, Norah—I wish to have a half hour's conversation with you."

Norah obeyed, and waited till her father broke the silence.

"I sent for you, Norah," began Mr. O'More, "to communicate a very important announcement, and to a young girl a very serious proposal."

"I thought as much, dear father," returned the young girl, calmly. "I can easily surmise the proposal you speak of, and I regret very much that such an offer should have been made at all, for I have given not the slightest encouragement to the proposer—of course you mean that Sir James de Boriden has been proposing to marry me?"

Mr. O'More looked sternly at his daughter; his large brows met in a dark frown as he said,

"Are you in your senses, answering me as you do. You do not surely mean to say that you would refuse the hand of a baronet, with fourteen thousand a year rent roll,—a young man, handsome, accomplished, and admired. Are you mad?"

"I trust not, father," returned Norah, seriously. "I never bestowed a thought upon Sir James, his rent roll, or his manners. I am not yet eighteen years of age, and not so tired of my home or my parents, as to leave them to become the wife of a man I scarcely know, and whom I could never even esteem."

"This is childish, romantic nonsense," harshly interrupted Mr. O'More, "in our situation in life the heart very rarely has anything to do with marriage."

"Precisely the reason, my dear sir," returned Norah, "that I am determined to depart from such a heartless mode of disposing of my happiness. I can see no earthly reason why one's peace and felicity should be sacrificed, in any station of life, to secure worldly acquisitions."

"Let this childish conversation cease," said Mr. O'More, with a contemptuous wave of the hand. "Sir James de Boriden has honoured you by making proposals for your hand, and I have accepted them."

"What!" exclaimed Norah, with a start and a flushed cheek. "What! barter your child's happiness for wealth, and without consulting her on the subject—impossible! I will obey you willingly and cheerfully in anything you propose, but the disposal of my hand,—in that I must have a voice. Say, dear father, you are not in earnest."

"I think, Norah," said Mr. O'More, sternly, "that you ought to know me better than to suppose I should propose anything I do not mean to carry out. However, I will condescend to explain to you a few things that will prove the necessity of accepting an offer there is scarcely a girl in England would dream of refusing. Your brother's imprudence and extravagance, and transactions on the turf have involved him in a debt to Sir James Boriden, of nearly eleven thousand pounds."

"The more shame is due to Sir James," interrupted Norah, "for leading so young a man into the way of temptation; he should have warned, not led."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. O'More, in his sneering, sarcastic manner; "a pretty Mentor to others, whilst you cannot perceive your own want of discernment. Let me finish—"

"Dear father," interrupted Norah, eagerly, "you know I am entitled to twenty thousand pounds, and the interest for many years—take it, sir; I give it with all my heart. Pay Gorman's debts to the baronet, and leave me a home, that as yet I have no desire to leave."

Not in the slightest degree moved by Norah's generosity, Mr. O'More coldly said,

"Your twenty thousand pounds is a mere nothing to the liabilities I am saddled with, owing to the insane marriage of that spiteful Courtown, who married for no other purpose than to oust me out of the succession. Besides, I lost above forty thousand pounds in those two hotly-contested elections for Galway. Altogether, in one word, unless I can pay one hundred and thirty thousand pounds immediately, I shall be forced to mortgage the Ashgrove estates so

heavily, that myself and family will have to retire into comparative poverty."

"But," said Norah, quite aghast, "how will my accepting the offer of Sir James remedy this terrible state of things?"

"Simply by his lending me the money at a very moderate rate of interest, which he can easily do, having had in a long minority immense sums put by. It now rests with you, whether, to gratify romantic notions, you prove the ruin of your family, or in becoming Lady de Boriden, save them and place yourself in a most proud position."

Norah was for a moment bewildered—stunned. Her cheek grew pale from the agitation she experienced; for to her sensitive heart, the alternative put before her was trying in the extreme.

Norah had no attachment whatever to anyone of the opposite sex, although she experienced a deep interest in Magnus O'More, or rather for the wrongs and injuries he had undergone—but

nothing more. Had any gentleman of an amiable, kind heart been offered to her as a husband, to save her family, she would have sacrificed her feelings, and accepted him. But warned by her friend, Emily Germain, of the terribly bad character Sir James really bore in his private transactions, his frightfully passionate temper, which was well known, and her own personal dislike to him, completely filled her mind with horror at the idea of such a union.

These thoughts and many others passed rapidly through Norah's mind during the short pause that ensued, when her father ceased speaking; but looking up, she at length said,

"Father, it is impossible; I cannot conquer my repugnance. Sir James De Boriden's wife I can never be."

"This is your fixed determination," said Mr. O'More, in a freezing tone, fixing his piercing eyes upon poor Norah, who was as pale as death.

"Yes," she replied, rousing herself and speak-

ing firmly. "Yes, sir, such is my determination, I am ready to sign any document assigning to you my right to the twenty thousand pounds, and interest; but destroy my peace of mind for ever, I cannot."

Choking with passion, Mr. O'More could only wave his hand and say "leave me."

Norah rose from her chair. She knew her father's temper and nature too well to dream of softening his displeasure by any endearment of manner or expression of regret. She therefore left the room without further words. The next day she received a note from her mother, stating that the family would leave town the following day for Ireland, and that she was to accompany them.

Emily Germain saw that Norah suffered much at being the cause of trouble to her family, for she feared affairs were even worse than her father had stated, and she reproached herself.

"My dear Norah," said Miss Germain, "you are blaming yourself, and, indeed, wrongfully,

you disliked Sir James from the very first. I therefore had no scruples in telling you what I did. He is a bad man, and, for one so young, very depraved; but his vices are in secret and cloaked; he it is who has led your brother to make ruinous and bad bets; he wished to have him in his power. You wonder how I know these things, but I will tell you my secret. I intended to do so before we parted, but that event has come sooner than we expected. In the same ship with Mr. O'More is an officer to whom I consider myself engaged."

Norah looked surprised. "That accounts," said she, "for your predilection for the sea and for the navy."

"Yes," said Miss Germain, with a smile, "it does. George Templeton and I have been attached from our earliest years; he has the approbation of my uncle, and only waits for one step more in his profession; he expects to be made a commander the first action he engages in, if it

turns out a brilliant affair. He is first lieutenant of the Terpsichore. Your cousin and George Templeton will be sure to be great friends, for they are kindred spirits. George was in town just before your arrival; he was a schoolfellow of Sir James de Boriden, and was intimate with him for two or three years after. From George I asked his character, when I understood his intention was to propose for your hand. So now, my dear Norah, keep up your spirits; a heart like yours is not to be thrown away upon such a man as Sir James de Boriden. I know not how it is, whether the spirit of prophesy is in me, but I do firmly believe that you and Mr. O'More will love each other, and if so your affection will not easily be conquered."

Norah shook her beautiful head, saying, though a flush passed over her fair face, "yours is a wild prophesy, Emily, and as unlikely to take place as—"

"Hush!" said Emily, playfully, "you are no prophet."

Kissing each other with fond affection, the two fair girls separated, promising to keep up a constant correspondence.

CHAPTER V.

Magnus O'More, whose history and adventures as a boy have already appeared before the public, in the form of an illustrated boy's book, entitled "The Young Middy," * set out from London to join the Terpsichore, which then lay at anchor in Plymouth Sound.

Short as was the time he had remained in company with Norah at Mrs. McFarlane's cottage, he was greatly struck and interested by her appearance and manner. Bessy McFarlane had previously spoken to him of Miss O'More, of her kind and gentle nature, and goodness of heart, and how much she was loved by all around her. She was

* Marlborough and Co.

then, it is true, only a girl, but she gave promise of exceeding beauty. Magnus had felt an intense desire, before proceeding to sea, of going to Ashgrove, of visiting his mother's last resting-place, and looking upon scenes where the happy hours of his infancy and childhood were passed. He recollected every inch of ground about Ashgrove; every well-remembered spot he contrived to visit, and many a bitter tear would rise to blind him when he thought of his own wrongs, his mother's early tomb, and his father's untimely end. He was scaarcely nine years of age when his tutor, Mr. Hamilton, forced him from Ashgrove, treating him with the most heartless cruelty, and consigning him, when insensible from a severe attack of fever, to the care of a brutal old woman, who lived on the sea-shore, and whose cottage was the resort of smugglers, who carried on their illicit trade in caves beneath the cottage.

The young man could not forget this; he cherished the memory of the past too vividly to permit the treatment he had received, or the

features of his tutor, to escape his recollection; when, therefore, he suddenly came face to face, in St. James' Park, with the man he so vividly remembered, and who had so grossly ill-treated him, and slandered his mother's memory, all his blood seemed to rush to his temples, and his passionate nature was roused almost to fury; but the sight of Norah's sweet imploring face,—for he remembered her at once,—disarmed him of half his wrath.

After this second meeting with Norah, her image seemed to haunt him; she had struck a chord in his heart, and henceforth Norah O'More was always present when he pictured to his imagination the form and features of one he could love with all the fervour and warmth of his ardent and enthusiastic nature. Just before leaving London, to join his ship, he received a long letter from his lamented father's friend, Mr. Creagh.

It is not necessary to lay before our readers the entire contents of the worthy rector's letter;

he spoke much of the past, and of the present master of Ashgrove,—of Norah he could never say enough; she was, to his mind, although professing a different faith, all that was amiable, lovely, and gentle. "You are too young," continued Mr. Creagh, "to distract and disturb your mind with the unpleasant mystery attached to your birth; with God's will it will yet be cleared up. From all I have heard you are likely to obtain a name and position for yourself. When this war ceases, which, I trust, it will soon, I hope to see you again; I can furnish you with many particulars, with your lamented mother's maiden name, the names of the two clergymen, Protestant and Catholic, who performed the marriage ceremony in Spain, and who have since disappeared, baffling all your dear father's attempts to trace them. Should it please God to remove me before your return, I shall leave written instructions and testimonies of these things I now write to you about; follow your profession with steadiness and honour, and never forget, for a

moment, that there is an all seeing eye watching over all, from the highest to the lowest."

On reaching Plymouth, Magnus O'More's first duty was to wait on his commander, Captain Bowen, and present the letter of introduction he had received from Rear Admiral D'Arcy. Captain Richard Bowen, whose name is recorded with high encomiums in our naval history, was a most gallant and enterprising officer. He received the young lieutenant most kindly, invited him to dinner, and introduced him to his family.

"We sail in a few days," said the commander of the Terpsichore, "so you will have time to fit yourself out in many things you may require."

Phelim McFarlane had already entered, and was on board anxiously expecting the arrival of his master, as he always styled the young lieutenant. Phelim was made captain of the foretop, and was a fine specimen of an able seaman.

"Now, then," said Magnus, on the third day, "I will go and have a look at the saucy Terpsichore, and make acquaintance with my brother

officers;"—getting into a shore boat he shoved off for the frigate.

His appearance on the deck of the Terpsichore caused considerable surprise, though it was known to the officers and men who the new third lieutenant was; his career in the service, short as it had been, was well known and spoken of, especially some of his early exploits on the Spanish main. All were aware that he was a high-spirited, gallant young man, of great courage and remarkably fortunate; but his figure and appearance certainly took them by surprise: in height he stood five feet eleven, and had a breadth of shoulders and chest any man might be proud of; he was, as yet, scarcely filled out in limb and person, but there was a lightness and elasticity in his movements betokening great activity. Altogether, there was an appearance of power and vigour, added to a graceful manner about him that struck all who saw him. Sailors are quick and keen observers, and quite as good judges of the human countenance as ever Lavater was. As

our hero sprang lightly on deck, there were more than a hundred eyes fixed upon him.

"My eyes and limbs!" said a topman to a knot of seamen collected near the gang-way, "there's a youngster for you; there's a leg and foot, Jim my hearty," striking a messmate a slap on the back that staggered him; "ain't he a pattern of a man? and no more beard on his chin, Jim, that your Polly."

"Be the powers of Moll Kelly," cried an Irish sailor, "he's a broth of a boy entirely—so McFarlane said, and be gor there's a pair of em; he's the lad; there will be no skulking, depend on it, when he sings out, boarders away—it will be devil take the hindmost."

Magnus made the acquaintance of his brother officers; affable, kind, and winning in his manner, he soon created a strong feeling in his favour. From the first lieutenant, George Templeton, he experienced unusual attention, so much so as to surprise him. He did not then know that his senior officer was the lover of the beautiful Miss

Germain, who had written to him of Magnus O'More in terms of great praise, hoping that he and George would become friends, which the first lieutenant determined, after a very short acquaintance with our hero, that they should be.

Magnus O'More, before the Terpsichore sailed, gave all the officers a grand dinner, on shore, at the Talbot. Captain Bowen himself sat with them for more than an hour. A most convivial evening was spent, and all the officers returned to the ship, fully convinced that the third lieutenant was a trump, every inch of him, and as he stood seventy-one inches, that was pretty well for a beginning.

The Terpsichore, however, did not sail for several days after the period contemplated, Captain Bowen having received fresh orders.

Phelim McFarlane was as great a favourite in the forecastle as the young lieutenant was on the quarter deck. Satisfied that he had his master with him, Phelim troubled about nothing else; he was as gay as a lark, played the fiddle to per-

fection, and could dance a hornpipe fully as well, his comrades said, as the famous Mr. Horncastle, who performed nightly at the Plymouth theatre, to a house crowded with blue jackets.

At length the Terpsichore was under weigh, bowling along the Cornish coast with a strong north-easter.

Magnus stood watching the progress the frigate was making through the water with a pleased look. She was under top-gallant sails, and running free, and was, at least, going through the water eleven knots.

"She sails well, Mr. O'More," said the first lieutenant, joining our hero, just as they were abreast of the Lizard light-houses.

"Remarkably well," returned Magnus; "she is equally good, I suppose, on a taut bowline?"

"If possible, better," was the reply of the first lieutenant. "It is her pet performance. I'm not afraid of any vessel afloat, not even of the Arethusa."

"If she will hold with her," said Magnus, "you certainly have a fast ship. I sailed in the Arethusa, after passing."

"Yes; I know that. Her first lieutenant, Stephenson, is a very dear friend of mine, and you saved his life."

Magnus looked pleased. The first lieutenant of the Terpsichore was a very handsome, fine-looking man, about eight-and-twenty.

"I received many kindnesses from Lieutenant Stephenson," observed our hero. "He is a noble seaman; and as kind as he is brave."

"Just his character. You have not heard, I dare say, that he has been made a commander; for I only heard it myself the morning we sailed."

"I rejoice to hear it," said O'More. "Has he got a ship?"

"No; he expects one immediately. I think I know some one else you are acquainted with," continued the first lieutenant, with a smile,— "the Honourable Miss Emily Germain."

"Ah! how singular," returned Magnus. "My acquaintance with her was, I regret to say, of short duration; for she appeared to me a most amiable, lovely, and unaffected girl. From her uncle, Lord Beltown, I have received much kindness; and was, through his interest, appointed to this ship, which I consider a most happy event, as it has procured me your acquaintance."

"I hope to say friendship," said the first lieutenant, pressing Magnus's hand. "This evening, as we neither of us shall be on duty, join me in a glass of wine. I should like an hour's conversation."

"Most willingly," assented Magnus, quite delighted.

When the sun went down that evening, the Terpsichore had sunk the land to a mere outline.

In the first lieutenant's cabin sat George Templeton and Magnus O'More, with wine and biscuits before them; the Terpsichore was running before the breeze, as steady as if sailing on a lake.

It requires but a very short time to make seamen thoroughly acquainted with each other. Both anxious to please, and to form a friendship, soon led to the result desired.

The senior spoke of his strong attachment to Miss Germain, and said the happiness of his life was ensured by her returning his love. He possessed an independent income, and Miss Germain was also entitled to a large sum of money; their engagement had the approbation of Lord Beltown, and all they waited for was his commandership. This was the subject of the first lieutenant's communication; and Magnus, in his turn, without any reserve, gave an outline of his early life, which greatly interested his listener, who expressed his opinion openly and unreservedly.

"Your uncle," said Lieutenant Templeton, "knows well that he has deprived you of your rights; for, that your father was married before your birth, there is not a shadow of doubt in my mind. Were it not for his amiable and most

lovely daughter, Norah, whom you have seen, and of whom Emily speaks in such warm and glowing terms, I would not, were I you, hesitate in accusing him of usurping your lawful inheritance."

"But without any earthly proof," said Magnus, "doing as you say could lead to no result. I care not for the estates, but I would rescue my mother's and father's name from the shadow of a reproach; though now that I have seen my beautiful cousin, with whom, I confess, I am most forcibly struck, I feel a repugnance in bringing disgrace upon her father. But on that unfeeling wretch, Hamilton, whose brutality I can never forget, I would willingly inflict a just punishment."

Much was said, on both sides, on the subject; but neither could come to a satisfactory method of acting, in order to establish Magnus's legitimacy. Changing the conversation, our hero questioned Lieutenant Templeton on his career in the service.

"Were you not," asked our hero, "at the

capture of Fort Royal, in the West Indies. I heard Romney say something about it, and also of a most gallant exploit of a Captain Faulkner?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Templeton, "that was a gallant exploit. Our present commander, Captain Bowen, was there also. He was then lieutenant of the Boyne. He took the Bienvenue frigate, which was lying, chain-moored, within sixty or seventy yards of the shore. He boarded her in the boats, in broad day-light, whilst the walls of Fort Louis were crowded with troops, who kept up an incessant fire of musketry. Nevertheless, our gallant commander made a dash alongside the frigate, boarded her, after a short, fierce contest, and drove the greatest part of the crew into the sea, whence they scrambled on shore. In returning, however, we were exposed to a tremendous fire,—we had three men killed, and several severely wounded. But, with respect to Captain Faulkner's splendid attack upon Fort Royal, that was a glorious affair,—he ran the Zebra, under an extraordinary fire of grape, close to the

wall of the fort, leaped overboard, followed by his ship's company, assailed, and actually stormed and took the place before the boats could get ashore. But tell me, O'More," continued the first lieutenant, "how it was you saved Stephenson? He said it was a desperate affair; but never gave me any of the particulars."

"Oh, it was a simple occurrence enough saving the gallant Stephenson's life," replied Magnus. "It was in an exploit with a piratical fleet of Java pirates, off their coast. We boarded them in boats, led by Lieutenant Stephenson in the gig, it was stark calm, and our frigate lay nearly seven miles from the piratical fleet. They were urging their craft through the water with oars, trying to get into shoal water between two islands.

"It was a sweltering hot day; and the men in the boats were just as if they had been dipped in the sea, from the perspiration that ran from them. When the pirates found they could neither reach the shoal water nor baffle us, they formed themselves in two lines, five boats in

each line. We ran into the first line, and boarded, under a desperate fire, which killed two of our men, and wounded five. As we gained their decks they exploded four barrels of powder, right amongst us, literally sacrificing themselves, as well as many of our men. The shock sank the craft Lieutenant Stephenson and I were in, and killed five of our crew, wounding and knocking into the sea more than a dozen of us, your friend and myself amongst the number.

"Strange to say, we were unhurt; but Stephenson, singularly enough, could not swim a stroke. All this time the pirates in the other crafts kept up a perpetual fire from muskets and other guns; but our gallant crew, with the third lieutenant and one midshipman, drove the pirates into the sea, and, casting off, attacked the other line. We were, in the confusion, smoke, and fierce contest, thought to be killed.

"I got Stephenson, who was as cool as a lettuce, on my back; and, as the smoke cleared off, made for the nearest craft, which turned out

to belong to the pirates, trying to escape. She ran right on us, without seeing us, for they were all on the other side, watching the fight. Stephenson seized a rope, and swung on board at the same time as I did; and, with a cheer, we made a rush at the dozen pirates on board. They must have imagined, in their panic, that they were boarded by a boat full of us, for some jumped overboard, and the others jammed themselves into the small kind of cuddy in the fore-part of the boat. Seizing their arms, we rushed after them, and fastened them in safe enough. We then trimmed the sails, and rejoined our men, who gave three hearty cheers when they saw us alive and unhurt; we sank the entire fleet, and let the unwounded swim ashore. It was dark night when we rejoined the frigate; but it was a disastrous affair,—we lost nine fine fellows, and had thirteen wounded, eight severely."

"Ah!" remarked Mr. Templeton, "those boat attacks, though always gallantly maintained and

nearly always successful, are generally attended with a sad sacrifice of valuable lives. You and Stephenson, for instance, had a most narrow escape,—your third lieutenant was severely handled, and the gallant young midshipman died of his wounds afterwards, and all for a set of infernal pirates."

"Very true," returned Magnus, seriously. "I was by the bed-side of my gallant comrade when he died, at only fifteen years of age. He was a noble boy, died like a man, and with the spirit of a hero, sensible and full of pride for the service, only regretting that he had not done more for his Majesty. 'God bless him!' these were his last words."

"Such is life, in our service," added Lieutenant Templeton.

"By-the-bye," he continued, "you have mentioned several times a Lieutenant O'Brien. I daresay the same O'Brien, who commanded the ——, in that gallant affair off Brest, but he was called Commodore O'Brien."

"Yes, it's the same O'Brien," observed O'More, "a nobler heart never breathed; but for him, how different my destiny might have been! He comes of an old Milesian family,—Catholics,—who quitted this country from political feelings, and detesting the laws then and indeed still in force against Catholics, settled in France, and O'Brien entered the French naval service, in which he early distinguished himself; but for his unexpected appearance at Nantes, that fiend Carrier would have had me shot."

"You skipped that part of your narrative," said Templeton, "pray tell me how you escaped out of the Thames, after your desperately hard fought contest with the two French frigates."

"Most willingly, but in truth I feared to tire you, with the rather strange incidents of my early life."

"We have plenty of time, and your adventures singularly interest me."

"You are aware," began O'More, "that the Thames did not haul down her flag, till totally

dismasted and disabled by the contest she had maintained with two frigates, and a third coming up. In a most helpless condition we were taken in tow by the frigate that joined, and which in point of fact, caused us to surrender. Most of the officers and men were removed into the other vessels. I chanced to be left aboard the Thames with Phelim McFarlane and eight of the crew of our ship, to help to get her to rights. The prize crew were a drunken, disorderly set, and before night set in, there was scarcely a sober man amongst them. McFarlane came up to me, as I was leaning on a gun carriage, and watching the lights of the frigate towing us. There was not much wind, and we progressed slowly.

"'I tell you what we can do, sir,' said Phelim, in a low voice, 'the men are drunk, there is the launch towing astern, the officers are carousing in the cabin. I can manage, it's so dark, to draw the boat up under our starboard quarter; four of our men are ready to make the attempt; they have no boats to pursue, and before they miss us,

and can make signals to the craft towing us, we shall be past pursuit.'

"I jumped at the idea, for, by Jove, the vision of a French prison was rising up before me rather disagreeably. Well, we succeeded so well that, one by one, we managed to steal down into the boat, with our pockets full of biscuit, but no water, and cutting the warp, we let the boat drop astern.

"A thick mist was just then creeping over the sea, most favourable to us. We were missed about ten minutes after our departure, and we heard guns, and saw various signals and blue lights burn, but seizing the four oars in the boat, we pulled seaward with might and main. There was no boat on board the Thames, and before one could be lowered from the frigate towing, and be pulled along side the Thames, to learn what had occurred, pursuit in a thick fog must have appeared worse than useless. We lay upon our oars and listened, for the night was still, with but a light wind, but no sound of oars was

heard in any direction, so we considered ourselves safe. We fully expected when the fog should lift to be able to board some English vessel cruising along the French coast.

"But when the day-light made, a strong breeze set in with a thicker fog, and in a few hours the sea increased rapidly. I judged that the gale,—for it was rapidly becoming one, forcing us to run before it,—was blowing us upon the French coast; to attempt to pull the heavy launch against a head sea and a fresh wind was out of the question, so as it increased into a regular gale about two hours after mid-day, we made up our minds to be driven upon the French coast. Phelim McFarlane was savage at the idea of a French prison, and proposed, should we drive into any inlet or river, to seize the first craft we could see.

"I was quite willing to adopt this plan, and, just as the determination was agreed to, the fog lifted and the gale worked itself into a perfect tempest. Land was right ahead of us, only a

couple of leagues off; the sea was lashed into foam by the squalls, and flew over us in sheets of spray, sometimes we shipped a good deal of water, which we bailed out as well as we could. We anxiously scanned the coast we were approaching, and when within a league perceived we were running into the mouth of a deep inlet or wide river. This was a fortunate circumstance, for the sea broke tremendously along the coast and against the east and west heads that formed the mouth of the river. We did not see a single vessel, neither town nor village, but we could discover strong forts which protected the entrance to the river on both sides. We ran over the bar and were nearly swamped several times, but rounding the eastern head, we smoothed the water by keeping round the head. Here, we were seen from the fort, and could see men moving along the walls, and also perceived that a tricolour floated over the fort.

"Having got into smooth water, just as it began to grow dusk, we put out our oars to keep

the boat off shore ; to consult what we should do, whether to run further up the river, and that I should land, and as I spoke French, try and purchase provisions. I felt satisfied that those in the fort possessed a boat, and would follow us up the river ; and I was right,—in a very short time we heard the noise of oars, and made out an eight-oared galley, with several men in her stern sheets, pulling right for us. To contend in speed with such a boat was folly, and to resist without a single weapon, equally so. So we lay upon our oars, and in five minutes, the coastguard boat was along-side. There were six men pulling, besides six armed with cutlass and pistol.

"It was quite dark, blowing heavily, and a pelting rain setting in. Laying hold of the side of the launch, the officer in command of the boat asked who we were, and where we came from, and what we wanted up the river.

"I merely said we were English, and had been forced to run before the gale, without knowing where we were going.

"'Well, then,' said the Frenchman, 'you are prisoners. We shall take you to Langai, and deliver you over to the authorities.'

"We had nothing for it but to submit. They took us in tow, and in less than an hour we saw the lights of the town. I am very brief, my dear friend," continued Magnus O'More, "for none of the incidents that followed are worthy of relating, till I became an inmate of a cell in the prison of Nantes.

"Phelim and I were placed in the same cell, which was a great consolation to me. But day after day, and week after week had passed away, when suddenly the jailors took us from our cell, and thrust us into an immense dungeon, in which were above a hundred prisoners, all French.

"To my great horror and indignation, I learned that all in the cell were condemned by that fiend Carrier, to be shot. He was committing the most unheard-of atrocities in Nantes. His butcheries and monstrous depravity I need not relate to you; they are notorious.

"The next day, twenty of my fellow-prisoners were taken out and shot. The next day the same number. 'Are we to die like dogs?' said poor Phelim, to me, 'let us make a rush, your honour, and die, grasping these murderous villains by the throat; faith, I'll make sure of a couple anyhow.' It began to look serious, when we remained with only eighteen others for the next day's butchery. We owed this cruel incarceration to our savage jailer. Phelim got exasperated at the man's insolence to me, and on his putting chains on my wrists, knocked him down with a blow of his chains. The rascal called several assistants, who would have killed Phelim, I do think, had I not interfered; a fierce fight ensued, for you know we are both strong, and we tumbled over several, though chained by the wrist, till the governor and his guard made their appearance, and stopped the contest. With a savage oath, the jailer left us, telling me he would get an order from Carrier, to place us with the Malignants, and he was true to his word.

"The last night of our incarceration was a wretched one; our fellow prisoners gave way to a frightful despair, so contrary to the generality of prisoners at that eventful period. I tried to persuade them, as our hands were free, when the door opened the next day, to make a fierce rush upon the guard, and die contending for our freedom. But no—they sunk into helpless apathy. That long night passed. I need not tell you what I felt, or what I thought. I was young to die; I had never feared death in the strife of battle, but somehow the injustice done us, the cruel and painful imprisonment we had undergone, and the mode of putting us to death, had a painful effect upon me. I felt a fierce rage in my heart; I tried to quell this feeling, and become resigned, but could not. As to Phelim, he feared nothing; all his anxiety was for me. He vowed he would be the death of our ferocious jailer, if he came for us the next day; and he felt sure he would, to gratify his hatred, by coming to see us marched off to our doom.

Morning dawned faintly into our miserable, filthy dungeon, and its dull light fell upon a despairing group, huddled together, moaning and sighing, as they lay stretched upon the damp soil. Presently we heard the bolts drawn back, and the key turn. 'Come, my faithful friend,' said I to Phelim, taking his arm, 'let us at all events shew them how British sailors can meet their doom.'

"'Oh, by the powers, Mister Magnus,' said my strong hearted follower, 'it's not afraid to die we are, but I'll shew some of the hounds what it is to have my fingers round their throat.' As he spoke, the door swung open, and the blaze of a torch flashed upon us. An officer in a Commodore's uniform, entered the prison, followed by four jailers, two carrying torches. Phelim was preparing for a spring, for he beheld our old enemy, but I held him back, for the torch flashed on the officer's features, and with a cry of joy, I called out, 'O'Brien!' and then stood rooted to

the spot, spell bound by the sight of my early benefactor.

"'My God! who spoke?' said O'Brien, snatching a torch and springing down the steps. 'Speak again; I know that voice.'

"'Ah!' I exclaimed, overpowered. 'It is I—Magnus O'More,' and I threw myself upon the neck of my beloved friend.

"'O'More!' exclaimed O'Brien, holding me back, and gazing into my features with amazement and strong affection; but a violent uproar, shouts and curses, roused us. We turned and beheld a scene of terrible confusion. Phelim McFarlane had recognized our former jailer; with a spring and a shout, he had dashed at him, and before he could escape, had seized him by the throat in his firm grasp; the other jailers rushed to their comrade's rescue, and as we turned and ran towards them, Phelim dashed the man senseless upon the steps, and was driving the others before him, by blows from an

extinguished torch. All this strife did not rouse into action a single prisoner; they sat stupified on the ground, gazing vacantly at the combatants.

"The uproar brought the governor and the guard, but by that time, I had restrained Phelim's rage, and the turnkeys had lifted up the senseless body of their principal. He was severely handled, it is true, but no danger to life.

"As the governor entered, purple with rage, O'Brien said, advancing and confronting him, 'How is this, Monsieur de Barras; an English officer and a British seaman, confined amongst the condemned. Are you aware that you are compromising the dignity of the Republic, and will cause a terrible retaliation. Do you think England, or the laws of civilized countries will permit so wanton an outrage?'

"'English officer!' repeated the Governor, evidently confused, and hesitating. 'There are no English confined here.'

"'You are in error, Governor,' said O'Brien,

indignantly, pointing to me and Phelim, as we advanced and faced him. 'Here is an English naval officer, and this is,' laying his hand on Phelim, 'a British seaman; I know them both well. This officer belongs to the British frigate the Thames; so does the seaman. I ask again, how came they here?'

"'Well, Commodore,' returned the Governor, trying to recover himself, but looking daggers, 'there must be some mistake. Five Englishmen were brought to this prison from Langai, and said to be spies; they were confined in a cell by themselves till the truth was ascertained. How they came here, I cannot say,' and turning to one of the jailers, he asked, 'where is Jacques Marot? They were under his care.'

"'He is just carried out, with a hole in his head,' returned the jailer, spitefully. 'That man,' pointing to Phelim, 'half-strangled him, and then knocked his head against the iron bars. I wonder he did not kill him.'

"'Pity he did not,' said O'Brien, coolly. 'Here,

hold your torch, and let me examine these unfortunate men.'

"O'Brien then examined them one by one, expressing pity for their cruel fate, but said, with respect to them he was powerless. He would speak to Carrier, and he also knew a courier was expected from Paris before morning, to put an end to these butcheries. I happened to look at the Governor, and saw a smile of fiendish malice in the expression of his countenance, as much as to say,—Before he arrives, you will all be shot.

"'Your friend, Commodore O'Brien, is not amongst these prisoners,' observed the governor.

"'No, I lament to say, he is not, for he would then be safe. However, I trust he has never been an inmate of these cursed prisons.'

"'You use strong language, Commodore,' said the governor, spitefully; 'take care you do not exceed—'

"'Sir!' interrupted O'Brien fiercely, 'I will take care, and would have you take care, for had

you let this gentleman be executed your head would not have been on your shoulders twenty-four hours. I tell you, sir, your rulers in Paris are sick to death of this monstrous holocaust of human blood. A change has taken place, and who knows—it looks like it—but that those who have sacrificed Frenchmen, innocent of crime, to gratify their love of blood, will not now march to the guillotine amidst the execrations of thousands.'

"Monsieur De Barras turned pale as death.

"'Here,' continued Commodore O'Brien, pulling a folded packet from his pocket, opening it, and pointing to the seals and signatures of three of the most powerful rulers of the republic. 'Here is my authority. I may select any two captives I find in this prison. I take these two Englishmen with me to Paris; there I shall effect an exchange of prisoners. Happily I have arrived in time to save the republic a dishonourable deed, which would have brought down the indignation of all civilized governments.'

"'Come with me, dear friend,' said O'Brien, laying his hand upon my arm. 'It seems, O'More," he added with his old hearty laugh, 'I'm born to be your guardian angel, though not very like one in shape or dimensions.'

"'But like one in heart,' I added, squeezing his strong muscular hand.

"'Be gorra! I wish I had choked that brute,' muttered Phelim, as he followed us; and as he said afterwards, scarcely able to keep his hands from the governor.

After a few formalities, giving a receipt for our persons, we left the prison.

"I need not tell you what a happy evening I spent with my kind friend. His was a true heart. He had great interest with those in power. A dear friend of his, with his son, had incurred the vengeance of one in power. After infinite trouble he thought he had traced them to Nantes, where they were said to be imprisoned by Carrier. He instantly procured an order for the liberation of two prisoners, from the prison of Nantes, and

immediately set out. He was baffled in his search; but in a measure repaid by releasing me and Phelim. We accompanied him to Paris, and shortly after, through his exertions, were exchanged."

A summons for the first lieutenant to attend the captain, caused the friends to separate for the night.

The next day the Terpsichore was bowling along under a strong gale, through the troubled waters of the Bay of Biscay; the fourth they passed Cape Trafalgar; and twenty-four hours after were at anchor before Britain's stronghold, Gibraltar.

During the succeeding fourteen months the Terpsichore made seven very successful cruises. On one or two occasions Lieutenant O'More greatly distinguished himself, and from his conduct, gallantry, and generosity became a prodigious favourite with the crew, who would not have hesitated to have followed him against any odds.

In a fiercely contested action with a frigate of

the enemy, of equal force, but assisted with a remarkably fine corvette of eighteen guns, Lieutenant Templeton was severely wounded by a splinter, the second lieutenant killed, and Captain Bowen stunned from a contusion; and being carried below, the command for a time devolved upon our young hero. Magnus O'More fought the two vessels with such remarkable skill and good fortune that the corvette struck her flag, and the French frigate made sail, and escaped; the crippled state of the Terpsichore, who bore up with her prize for Gibraltar, preventing pursuit.

This action was thought a great deal of by nautical men, and very shortly after, Magnus was appointed second lieutenant of the Terpsichore. The war with Spain, increasing in asperity, the Terpsichore in the year 1796 was again in the Mediterranean.

It unfortunately happened that one or two of the officers and many of the men were disabled by a dangerous fever; upwards of thirty of the

crew were in hospital, and to Magnus's deep regret Lieutenant Templeton was also attacked, and was forced to be carried ashore. At this critical time Captain Bowen received orders to sail and cruise off the port of Carthagena. The change of air would be beneficial to those of the crew sick in their hammocks, but not bad enough to be taken to the hospital.

It was the month of October when the Terpsichore reached her destination; the weather very fine. The frigate one morning was lying to, with the wind blowing a fine steady breeze from west-south-west. The Spanish coast was not more than three leagues to leeward of the frigate. Captain Bowen was pacing the deck, thinking of their somewhat crippled condition as to his men; his first lieutenant in Gibraltar, with thirty of the men; his third lieutenant and two midshipmen, and fourteen men ill on board, and the ship was cruising where they might expect every day to meet with powerful enemies.

Magnus O'More was looking away to the eastward with his glass, and chatting to a young mid, named Spencer, a great favourite of his, when he was joined by his commander.

"We are uncommonly unfortunate with this fever, Mr. O'More," said Captain Bowen; "should we come across an enemy of force we should find ourselves very short handed."

"I have been in the sick ward, sir," said O'More, "and I am sorry to say the surgeon's report is not exaggerated. Some of the poor fellows are so anxious to be up, that it is difficult to keep them in their cots. I am sure if they heard a shot they would be in the thick of it, despite our surgeon's restriction."

"Especially," said Captain Bowen, with a smile, "if they heard your voice calling for boarders."

"Sail to windward!" sung out the look-out aloft.

It was nine o'clock a.m., that the intelligence

of a strange sail, and that it was a large ship, roused all hands on board the Terpsichore, for they knew that they were upon the spot where the Spanish fleet was cruising only a few days before.

CHAPTER VI.

THE decks of a man-of-war become the scene of considerable excitement when preparing for action; and such excitement was exhibited on the deck of the Terpsichore, when it was ascertained that the vessel approaching them was an enemy's ship. The topsails of the British frigate were braced round and filled, and the noble ship gathering way, advanced to meet its opponent.

"She is Spanish," said our hero, who was attentively regarding her, "and I think I know her—it's the Mahonesa."

"Then, by Jove!" exclaimed Captain Bowen, taking a look at the stranger, "we shall have a tough customer; the Mahonesa is commanded by

a very brave man, and carries nearly the same force as ourselves in guns, but is two hundred and fifty tons larger. We shall see presently what her captain's intentions are."

All eyes were fixed on the Mahonesa as it advanced. The crew all eager to commence the fight, whilst several of the sick, roused by the preparations going on, glided secretly up the hatchways, hoping to be able to assist.

The Mahonesa was a noble-looking frigate; as she neared the Terpsichore, she braced, and furled her top-gallant sails, for there was a fine strong breeze blowing, and a clear blue sky overhead; the bright sun sparkling on the waters; nature smiling, and man about to hurl destruction upon his fellow-man, without one atom of private hostile feeling in their hearts; all for glory and national honour.

The Spaniard came within hail of the Terpsichore placed in good position; Captain Bowen ordered a gun to be fired, as a trial of the Spanish frigate's intentions.

Immediately the Mahonesa gave the Terpsichore a broadside.

"Ho! ho! my beauty," exclaimed Phelim McFarlane, sliding down a rope from aloft, "you are at it—may be we'll give you sauce to your goose, that you won't relish; and, at a signal from O'More, who acted as first lieutenant, in the absence of his friend, Templeton, a well-directed broadside went crashing into the rigging and sails of the Spaniard.

For nearly an hour the two frigates kept manœuvring and firing into each other deadly broadsides of round shot, grape, and canister, till the Mahonesa, dreadfully crippled, put before the wind. A loud cheer broke from the crew of the Terpsichore, who had not, strange to say, one single man killed,* though many were wounded.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed our hero, "knot and splice; work hard, we must have the Don before an hour was passed."

"We have had sharp work," said Captain

* Fact

Bowen; "but, happily their guns were too elevated; we are awfully cut up in rigging and sails, O'More."

"Our antagonist has'nt a spar fit to flutter a petticoat," said young Spencer, coming up, "there goes her mizen-mast."

In an incredible short time the crew of the British frigate had knotted and spliced, renewed shattered spars, hoisted new sails, and were in pursuit of the Spaniard.

Before two hours had elapsed, the Terpsichore was again along-side her opponent. The British crew gave three hearty cheers, and were on the point of pouring into their enemy a terrible broadside, when the Mahonesa hauled down her colours, and surrendered. Captain Bowen was sitting on a gun carriage, for he had severely sprained his ankle in falling on a shattered gun carriage.

"Do you go, O'More," he said, "and take possession—I can't stir; strange that the Spanish commander should surrender without another bout."

"The ship is desperately riddled, and must, besides, have many killed," answered Lieutenant O'More, "our last broadsides were all pointed low."

Accordingly, launching a gig—the only boat without a hole in it, the young lieutenant pushed off for the Spanish frigate.

As he ascended the side and gained the deck, the commander of the Mahonesa came forward to meet him,—he was a tall, handsome man, about forty-seven or forty-eight years of age.

Don Tomas Ayalda looked at Lieutenant O'More, and paused, with his sword in his hand, and evidently astonished; but immediately recovering himself, handed him the weapon, saying, "Al desdichido, noce le vale sen esforzado;" a Spanish proverb, meaning, that courage without fortune is unavailing.

"True, senor," returned our hero, in the same language, speaking it so purely as evidently to surprise the Spaniard, and answering him also with a proverb, "Baylar al sen que se toce,"

meaning that it was "good at times to bend to circumstances," at the same time returning the sword, adding, "you defended your ship, senor, not only gallantly, but dearly."

"You speak our language astonishingly well," said Don Tomas.

"I studied it early, senor," returned Magnus O'More, "and have had good practice on the Spanish main; you have, I fear, many killed."

"Yes," returned the commander of the Mahonesa, "we have fifty killed, and more than that number wounded; my men, however, refused to rally after your last broadside, they are dastards, for we still are capable of resistance—they have disgraced the name of Ayalda. Have you many killed, senor?"

"Not one, senor, but several wounded."

"Santo Dios!" exclaimed the Spaniard; "not one killed?—amazing:" and such is human nature, disappointed, and yet a kind and generous man by nature.

"You see," continued Captain Ayalda, "our

booms having fallen down, completely disabled our lowest guns. Pray may I enquire how many men you have on board your ship?"

"About one hundred and eighty," returned our hero, "men and boys, able to do duty."

Whilst this conversation was going on, the Terpsichore boats hastily plugged, were taking a portion of the Mahonesa's crew to the British frigate, and brought word to Lieutenant O'More that Captain Bowen wished him to take charge of the Mahonesa, as it was his intention to proceed with his prize to Lisbon.

Before sunset both ships were again in some measure able to carry their canvas: the Mahonesa had scarcely a shroud to support her injured masts. In the evening, the captain of the Mahonesa, and our hero were sitting taking their wine in the cabin, when Don Ayalda said, after some unimportant observations, "I pray you, senor lieutenant, favour me with your name; your countenance, the expression of your features, and

the tone of your voice, recall to my mind many events long since passed."

The person addressed felt interested, and immediately said, "My name is O'More—Roderick Magnus O'More."

"Dios! How very strange," exclaimed the Spaniard, passing his hand across his brow; "can it be possible that you are the son of Roderick O'More, and Fernanda of Cordova?"

Magnus sprung to his feet at hearing the name of his mother; his first thought was,—"is the mystery of my birth about to be solved?" His handsome features became flushed as, grasping the Spaniard's hand, he said, with much emotion,

"Senor, you agitate me. Did you know my mother?"

"Yes," returned Don Ayalda, more agitated even than our hero. "Yes, I knew Fernanda of Cordova, well; I cannot doubt of your origin, when I look into your eyes. Twenty-two years pass away as a dream, and Fernanda comes be-

fore my eyes again, in all her glorious youth and beauty."

The Spaniard bent his head upon his hands, and remained for several moments in profound thought. Magnus sat down greatly agitated, but refrained from breaking the silence; "who," he thought, "can this man be. My mother's brother perhaps, or more likely a disappointed lover."

Don Ayalda at length looked up; his face was very pale, as he said,

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Alas! senor, my mother died before I reached my second year."

"Dead! Fernanda dead!" exclaimed the Spaniard, with a tone of deep feeling; and suddenly rising, he bowed, placed his hand to his face, and abruptly left the saloon, retiring for the night to his own sleeping cabin.

Magnus O'More remained gazing at the door through which the ex-commander of the Mahonesa had retired.

"By all that is wonderful!" he exclaimed, half aloud, "there seems to be some strange fatality attending everything and every one who appears to have any knowledge of my poor mother and father. In France, a priest was on the point of disclosing all the particulars to me, when he was seized by the revolutionary ruffian Carrier, and has long since, no doubt, been guillotined. But Don Ayalda cannot surely refuse to explain the meaning of his emotion, and state what he knows." Greatly excited and anxious, he proceeded on deck, and walking aft, he perceived his humble, but faithful follower Phelim, and another seaman at the helm.

Phelim McFarlane had gone through many scenes of peril and suffering with our hero, who looked upon him more in the light of a faithful friend than aught else.

Approaching the wheel, he said to Phelim, "Would you believe it, Phelim, the captain of this craft appears to have known my lamented mother!"

"Blessed Virgin! is it possible, your honour?" exclaimed Phelim, in a tone quite excited. "Then the blessed truth will be known at last."

"I trust in God it will, Phelim; he appeared greatly agitated when I mentioned her death, and retired to his cabin."

"Faix, sir," said Phelim, in great glee, "we have this one safe, at all events; be gor, he can't get away from us as the priest did."

"No, so I said to myself," returned the lieutenant; and one or two of the Spaniards approaching, Magnus walked over to the weather side, to look out for the Terpsichore. It was a bright moonlight night, and the breeze steady; the aspect of the weather was important, for the masts of the Mahonesa would never stand a strong gale. Our hero could perceive the Terpsichore, whose crippled state also required care.

The next morning, Don Ayalda made his appearance at breakfast, looking pale and serious; but in a courteous manner, he said,

"I have to apologise, Lieutenant O'More, for my abrupt retiring last night."

"I perceived," returned Magnus, "that the subject we were conversing on was a painful one; to me it was also distressing. My beloved father and mother are no longer of this earth."

"Both dead! both in the pride of their youth and beauty. What fatality deprived you of both your parents so early in life?"

Magnus, after a moment's thought, resolved to state, in a very brief manner, all he knew relative to his parents; but when he came to his expulsion from his father s house, with the stain of illegitimacy upon his birth, the Spaniard started from his seat, with the flush of passion over his features, and his manner extremely excited. In a voice, tremulous with passion, he said,

"Who has dared to stain the fair name of Fernanda de Cordova with so foul a blot? and have you remained till now," he added, fiercely fixing his flashing eyes on our hero, "without vindicating the memory of your sainted mother?"

"If I had ten lives, Don Tomas Ayalda," returned Magnus O'More, vehemently, "I would willingly sacrifice them all, to clear away the stigma attached to her name and mine. I live with that one idea engrossing my whole thoughts and mind; but an impenetrable mystery seems to envelope all particulars relative to my lamented mother's marriage."

Don Tomas paced the cabin for a few moments; he then took Magnus by the hand, requesting him to pardon his vehemence. "You shall hear from me much that will tend to relieve your mind; though you may still be greatly troubled to gain the proofs you require to establish your claims to an unstained birth. This evening, when your duties on deck relax for a while, I will make you acquainted with the circumstances of your mother's marriage; you shall also learn why I appear to feel so much on this painful subject; but now answer me one question.—Did you ever hear your father mention the name of Harold Fitzwilliam?"

"No," said Magnus. "Never."

"Harold Fitzwilliam," remarked the Spaniard, "was a high-spirited, adventurous young man, not at all adapted for the profession of a Protestant clergyman. He it was, who united your father and mother, as did likewise a Catholic priest;—but you are summoned, this evening we shall have more time."

O'More then went on deck. The weather was still fine, but a swell was running in towards the land from the south-east, and dark clouds appeared coming up from that quarter; they were in sight of the Cape de Gatte. With a south-east gale, they could reach Gibraltar with very little canvas spread, the distance being short. The Terpsichore was about two or three miles astern, for the Mahonesa sailed fast. Signals were exchanged, and then our hero shaped his course more to the southward.

As the sun went down, the sky became rapidly overcast, and the wind shifted a point or two more to the southward, but continued steady. Don Ayalda was pacing the deck.

"I do not think," he remarked to Lieutenant O'More, "that we shall have much wind; we are subject to great changes of weather off this cape."

"An easterly gale has a long life on this coast," answered our hero.

"Very true; so it has," returned Don Ayalda; "however, it will be a favourable wind for you now."

After conversing with Don Tomas, who appeared a most accomplished gentleman, for nearly an hour, they proceeded to the cabin. In the course of the night, Don Tomas gave our hero the following history.

CHAPTER VII.

HISTORY RELATED BY DON TOMAS AYALDA.

"Don Diego de Cordova, Count de Cabra, ranks with the highest of the high Spanish nobility. He traces his descent from the great Count de Cabra, who with twelve hundred foot, and two hundred and fifty mounted knights, all his own vassals and tributaries, gave battle to Boabdil el Chico (the unlucky), the last king of Grenada, as he was returning with a powerful army, laden with spoil and cattle to Grenada. This Hotspur, of Andalusia, totally defeated the Moorish king, and carried him off as a p risoner,

whilst he drove the remnants of his army into the river of Mengenzales, where they mostly perished.

"Don Diego inherited, by direct descent, from this his great ancestor, an immense tract of country in the Vega of Grenada, and several castles in Andalusia; but his chief family residence was Cazala, between Jaen and Cordova. His lady, the Countess de Cabra, was connected by blood with the royal family then on the throne of Spain. I speak thus particularly of the Cabra family merely to prove to you that, from your mother's side, you sprang from as noble a race as any in all Spain.

"Your mother, Fernanda of Cordova, as she was usually styled, was the only child of the proud Count de Cabra. You may, therefore, well imagine that an alliance with her was most eagerly sought by the richest and noblest youths in Spain; but her father early fixed upon the Duke de Almodovar del Rio. This young and haughty noble was of the 'sangre azul' (blue blood); to say that he was imperious, fierce, and

revengeful, is giving his character sufficiently. One virtue he had not, for he was not even courageous. Fernanda detested the Duke, whilst he was passionately attached to one whose beauty was so pre-eminent.

"From the age of nine years I was reared in the household of the Count de Cabra. My family was noble, but I was an orphan without fortune, though distantly connected by blood with the De Cabras. As I advanced in years, I became the companion of Fernanda, till I was made page to the Count. This was merely in accordance with old customs,—I was to enter the naval profession.

"From boyhood I was the companion of Fernanda; and I learned to adore her, the ground she walked upon was sacred to me, a flower plucked by her hand, and carelessly dropped, I treasured as I would life; and this love, that engrossed my heart and soul, met no return,—yet I loved on blindly, and, alas! madly.

"I was eighteen when my patron placed me in the naval service, Fernanda fifteen; and before I

quitted her I had the folly and insanity to tell the Count de Cabra's daughter how much I loved her. She answered me mildly and kindly,—said we were, after all, but children; she would esteem me hereafter as a friend, but no more, and besides, she was betrothed.

"At the age of twenty-two I returned for a time to the Count's palace at Cordova. Fernanda, then eighteen, was one of the loveliest of God's creatures; the marriage with the Duke was to take place in a few weeks. I remarked that the Count's daughter looked grave and reserved. Time had only increased my insane love. I knew Fernanda hated her betrothed, I therefore suspected she loved some one in secret; and, with all the ardour and insanity of a jealous lover, I thirsted to discover the object of her choice. I was certain, from my knowledge of her character, that, if once she loved, death alone would quench the flame.

"The Count, and all his family, moved to Seville. This city is the finest in all Andalusia,

indeed, I may say, in Spain. Fernanda had passed three months there with a relative, and had frequented the splendid festas given by the high noblesse.

"I was to remain with the Count de Cabra's family till after the marriage, which was to be celebrated at the Count's palace in Seville. At this time there were three persons in Seville who exctied much attention and curiosity; and your father engrossed the principal attraction of the three, especially with the females. He was remarkable for the magnificence of his figure, his manly beauty, and for the renown he had gained at the Spanish Court. He was then about four-and-twenty. He had travelled over Europe, and been to the East, his sole companion a young English clergyman, whose name was Harold Fitzwilliam. They had penetrated into the interior of Africa, and rescued from a terrible martyrdom a French missionary priest, and brought him with them into Spain; all three were then in Seville. Your father, as I learned afterwards, was there at the

time of Fernanda's visit to her relative. At a bull-fight, in the Plaza de Torres, an extraordinary accident exposed the females of the royal family to imminent danger.

"Your father, at the peril of his life, rescued one of the princesses. I believe a portion of the royal stand gave way, and a rush of the terrified spectators broke down the barriers, and five furious Andalusian bulls let loose amongst the people, gored and trampled many to death. Roderick O'More, however, slew one of the bulls, and saved the princess's life in so remarkable a manner, that Charles the Fourth invested him with the highest order of knighthood in Spain, and for the time he remained he was highly honoured at court.

"At a tertulia, given at the Cabra palace, I saw Fernanda and Roderick O'More side by side. Oh, the agony I suffered! I discovered their secret,—they were lovers. I became mad with rage. You cannot know, senor," continued Don Tomas, passing his hand across his brow, as if

some painful feeling made his temples throb; "you cannot know or judge how the passions are excited in this climate of ours. Examine our annals, they are full of terrible incidents, influenced by love, hatred, or revenge,—the latter a fearful feeling in a Spaniard's heart. On the twenty-first of October Donna Fernanda was to give her hand to the Duke. Oh, how I watched every motion, every look of her I so madly loved; but she was calm and self-possessed. Your father, and his two friends, had left Seville. Strange, how strange and incomprehensible are the workings of the human heart! I could see her united to the Duke, because I knew she would never love him; but the thought of her becoming your father's wife drove me wild.

"The night came; I was like a spectre,—pale, thin, and haggard. I could not persuade myself that Donna Fernanda would complete the sacrifice so calmly, so composedly. Was there any scheme on foot to rescue her at the eleventh hour? Your father's daring nature I thought

would brave anything; but it appeared impossible, for in another hour Fernanda would be a bride.

"After being attired in her bridal robes, she requested permission to pass the last hour before she became a bride in her chamber, and alone. This not unusual request was, of course, granted.

"She retired, keeping, however, with her, as was afterwards ascertained, a favourite attendant. This female, was by birth an English woman, who had been reared and educated in Spain from her ninth year. Her father had served several years in the Spanish service, but dying, left his child without protection. The Countess of Cabra, Fernanda's mother, heard of this hapless child, and most generously became her protectress; she was reared as the personal attendant of her daughter, and after some years married a native of Seville, but was to remain with Donna Fernanda till her marriage should take place.

"The marriage was to be solemnised in the

Cabra Palace, which stands with its rear facing the waters of the Guadalquiver; the magnificent gardens extending down to the water's edge. The ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock at night, and a vast company were assembled within the palace to witness the nuptials.

"Donna Fernanda's windows looked out over the gardens—oh, how many nights have I stood gazing at the light in that window, to catch but a glimpse of her shadow against the blinds! I stole from amongst the guests,—the domestics were busy with preparations for the feastings,—proceeded into the garden and along the walk till I came opposite her window; there was a light there as usual. I could hear my heart throb, I felt inclined to place my sword against the ground and end my life on its point, but as I stood beneath the clustering branches of a large orange tree, I saw three figures come from a private door, which led from the Countess Cabra's library out upon a balcony,—from thence you could descend into the garden by a flight of steps.

The night was very dark, but the air perfectly still. My heart beat audibly; who were those persons? I asked myself, and began creeping noiselessly towards the steps. I then caught a tolerably clear view of the three figures, one so much taller than the others;—they were all wrapped in mantles, but I could swear to the tall powerful figure of Roderick O'More.

"If I had been offered a throne I could not have uttered a cry, but suffocating with passion, my tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth, with my drawn sword in my hand I rushed at them and tore the mantle from the one who leaned upon O'More's arm,—a low cry was uttered,—oh Dios! the agony of that moment, for dark as it was I recognised Fernanda; madly I rushed upon your father, and with a thrust thought to slay him; but he had drawn, my thrust was parried, and as the word 'fool!' reached my ears, his sword passed through my body and I fell totally insensible on the ground."

The Spaniard paused, helped himself to a glass

of wine, and looking into the agitated features of his companion, continued,

"Can you, Lieutenant O'More, understand all this?"

"Yes," returned our hero, "I can, and from my soul I pity you, and feel for what you suffered; but my father could not be blamed, even had he taken your life."

"I never blamed him," said the Spaniard, mildly. "I forgave him, years ago; peace to his ashes," and Don Tomas crossed himself devoutly.

After a few moments, Senor Ayalda continued. "I must have remained insensible many hours, for when able to look about me, I perceived that I was lying on a bed, that my wound had been dressed, and that two persons were standing beside me. As I regained a little strength, from a cordial given me, I saw that one of the persons beside my bed, was the Duke del Rio, the other the Count's surgeon.

"The Duke's features, always harsh and

disagreeable, were inflamed with passion. 'Fool!' exclaimed the Duke, as soon as he perceived I was able to hear and perhaps speak. 'Fool! why did you not give the alarm, instead of madly pitting yourself against the best swordsman in Spain.'

"'No more fool than yourself, proud Duke,' I exclaimed, with an effort; but I could say no more, the blood again gushed from my wound, and I became a second time insensible.

"I lay three weeks after this, at the point of death. When I recovered I found I had been removed to a lodging at a respectable widow woman's house in Seville, the Count and his household having quitted the city. You can imagine my first question of the widow as I began to recover was—was Donna Fernanda pursued and rescued? Dame Juana shook her head, 'No, no, poor soul,' said she, 'the heretic Englishman has got away with her, body and soul, both ruined—lost!'

"Do you know, strange as it may seem, I felt

a relief. My madness was undergoing a cure. How, said I to myself, can I pretend to love Fernanda, and yet wish to see her the wife of such a tyrant as the Duke Del Rio? Gradually I regained strength, and more peace of mind. I ardently longed to hear the sequel of Fernanda's flight.

"As soon as I was able I proceeded to Cazala, where the Count de Cabra was residing with his Countess and his household.

"He received me with chilling coldness and hauteur, and, like the Duke, upbraided me for not instantly spreading an alarm, when the fugitives might have been pursued with success, instead of attacking the villain, who had robbed him of his daughter, with the sword, with which I could have had no chance of success. Whereas I lay a whole hour before my body was found, and the fugitives missed, for they had patiently waited the expiration of the hour Donna Fernanda had requested. I stated calmly to the Count,—for he had sheltered and protected

my infancy and youth, and was besides my superior kinsman,—that I had not the power to utter a cry.

"'That may be,' said the Count, who suspected my weakness, 'but you could have rushed into the house and spread an alarm; had you done so, they could have been overtaken, but nearly two hours were thus lost; still Tomas Ayalda, I forgive you, you acted from impulse.'

"I dared not ask the Count particulars, so retired,—but from his own personal attendant, a kind good man, I gained the intelligence I now give you.

"As I before stated, Donna Fernanda had a favourite attendant, and she it was who had managed all the meetings between her mistress and Roderick O'More.

"From several causes, it became impossible to arrange the scheme for carrying off Donna Fernanda till the night of her nuptials, a period the least likely to excite suspicion. For this purpose she retired to her chamber, requesting

not to be disturbed for an hour. From her inner chamber there was a corridor leading to the Count's library, and, as I stated, from the library a door opened on to a balcony and thence to the gardens leading to the river; Mary Torridos, your mother's attendant, had of course procured keys for all the doors.

"Your father had in his pay a party of contrabandistas, men remarkable for their audacity and daring. These men, in many districts, especially in that of St. Lucca, assemble in hundreds, and overpower all opposition. Skirmishes often take place, and many lives are lost, for which our narrow-minded government is to blame. The officers of the revenue are most wretchedly paid, and the duties on certain articles so enormous as to amount to a prohibition. Roderick O'More had procured two of their fastest galleys, and also a large fast sailing catalan, which lay at anchor several miles down the river.

"About three or four miles from Seville, on

the eastern side of the river, is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin. It was built on that secluded spot in consequence of a miracle that had occurred during a fearful inundation of the Guadalquiver, the waters entering one of the houses in Seville. Attached to the wall of one of the chambers was an ancient picture of the Madonna. This picture continued to float upright for five days, never once sinking, and finally lodged on the bank of the river; and there a chapel was built, and the picture deposited within—a priest and two assistants being domesticated there—and this chapel at certain seasons was much frequented.

"On the night that Roderick O'More carried off Donna Fernanda de Cabra the priest and his two assistants were roused from their slumbers, and were induced to enter their chapel. In the chapel were Donna Fernanda, your father, Harold Fitzwilliam, the priest Bellgarde, and Mary Torridos. The marriage ceremony was first performed by the priest Bellgarde, and afterwards by Harold Fitzwilliam, the protestant clergyman.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies every person present wrote their names in the books of the chapel, and as they all departed your father bestowed a large sum of gold upon the priest of the chapel and his assistants, and then the whole party disappeared.

"Nothing further is known, except that your father and his bride escaped to Italy, and that the Count de Cabra's vengeance pursued every-one in the remotest degree connected with the proceedings of that eventful night. The Englishman, Harold Fitzwilliam, either perished in the Inquisition or lingers there still. I do not uphold the Inquisition," continued Don Ayalda, "for I consider it a terrible abuse of power; but its days are numbered, and this engine of tyranny and monstrous cruelty will, like its fellow institution, the Bastille, be hurled to the ground."

Lieutenant O'More gazed at the Spaniard with surprise.

"You look," continued Don Tomas, with a faint smile, "amazed at hearing a Spaniard

speaking so boldly of a power still in existence; but its existence is but a shadow; already has the revolutionary spirit of France, with its dream of universal freedom, crept through catholic Spain; its effects will be felt, but not to the extent it is in the country of its birth. Spain may hurl her incubus from her breast, but to deny God and his holy and immaculate power she never will, I trust; but to resume the topic from which I have wandered.

"Though I learned that the Englishman was seized and confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition, for daring to perform an heretical marriage, in a chapel dedicated to the Madonna, I never could learn what became of the French priest. Whether he escaped or fell a victim I know not.

"The Duke del Rio and the Count de Cabra were possessed of immense influence. The chapel where the ceremony was performed was razed to the ground, as a place sullied by a profane rite having been performed within its walls, the Count De

Cabra building another chapel on a grander scale, on another site. The priest and his assistants who witnessed the ceremony of Fernanda's marriage, disappeared; disposed of I suppose in some distant and severe monastery. Every person, remote or near, who could be supposed to be in any way concerned in the flight of his daughter felt the Count's vengeance; to me he never became reconciled. 'I have given you,' said he, 'a profession—follow it. We meet no more. To you I owe the loss of my child's soul and body.' I have never seen him since—"

"Then he still lives," said Magnus, greatly surprised at hearing so determined and terrible a feeling of vengeance, exercised no doubt upon many entirely innocent.

"Yes, he is still in existence, and so is the Duke de Rio. You may think such an instance of revenge unusual, but this is far from the case. I will tell you another which occurred to the great grandfather of the present Count de Cabra, and which shows what a terrible spirit he inherits.

"A Count de Cabra was married to a woman of Moorish extraction, remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments; the match was a love one on the part of the count. Not so on the part of the lady. She loved another—a knight of the military order of Calatrava—but the lady was virtuous, and so was her unfortunate lover, who was going to fight the Moors on the coast of Africa. The knight contrived to enter the count's mansion in Cordova, whilst the count was at a feast in another palace. To save the lady's honour he brought his sister with him, a young and lovely girl, that she might be present and hear him take a last farewell of her he adored and loved too well.

"A vindictive slave betrayed them to the count, who burning with frantic passion and mad jealousy, came suddenly upon them. Impelled by the boiling fury in his veins he stabbed the knight to the heart, and then the sister, and afterwards his wretched wife, who fell on her knees before him. Not satisfied with this terrible revenge, the count

became a demon. With his drawn sword he rushed through the mansion, slaying and wounding all whom he encountered, without any distinction of age or sex. It is said he slew on that night, fifteen persons of his household—"

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Magnus, with a shudder, at the thought that he was descended on the mother's side from such a fiend. "Surely he suffered for his fearful crime."

"No," returned Don Tomas, calmly. "You must not judge us by your country's standard of crime. Revenge, according to the maxim of the age, was the duty of an injured husband. Though he fled after committing his terrible revenge, the king shortly granted him a full pardon. He returned to Cordova, and afterwards highly distinguished himself against the Moors—"

"Don Tomas," interrupted our hero, not at all in love with his fierce maternal ancestor, the Count de Cabra, "may I request your advice as to how I should proceed to recover proofs of my

mother's marriage; for though you know this marriage took place, your testimony, even if given in a court of justice, would lead to nothing."

"What you say is very true," answered the Spaniard, after a few moments' thought; "and yet I would willingly rescue Donna Fernanda's memory from the slightest suspicion or stain. Though her sire, the Count de Cabra, who is now seventy years of age, wishes to bury in oblivion all memory of his daughter's sacriligious marriage with a heretic, I feel differently. Did the count know that a child of Donna Fernanda existed, and was it in his power to obtain possession of that child, and he found that child to be a protestant, I feel satisfied he would destroy it without pity or remorse for the act, for he is one of the most bigoted nobles in Spain. The Duke is also one of the king's ministers and especial favourites, and acknowledged by the Count de Cabra as his heir. He is married, and has two sons; and a daughter, remarkable for her beauty. However, at this moment," continued Don Tomas, "I can-

not precisely see how to advise you to act. I am besides a prisoner, and know not how my freedom is to be obtained."

"You will, no doubt, be exchanged," said Magnus O'More.

During the remainder of the voyage to Lisbon, Don Tomas became greatly attached to the young lieutenant, appearing to have transferred the love he had felt for Fernanda to her son.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Terpsichore and her prize lay to for a few hours in Gibraltar bay, and there, to Magnus O'More's great joy, they were joined by the first lieutenant and a dozen of the men, then convalescent; they proceeded to Lisbon with their prize. The Mahonesa was purchased by the English Government, though her hull was terribly disfigured; but, strange to say, she never underwent a thorough repair, and therefore only had a nominal existence in the British navy.

Don Tomas was almost immediately exchanged, and parted from our hero with regret. "I shall do all in my power," said the Spaniard, in parting, "to discover whether the unfortunate Harold

Fitzwilliam still exists in the dungeons of the Inquisition. I will also endeavour to trace some of the other individuals concerned in that sad drama; hitherto I had no motive to urge me to his course; but now it is different," and pressing our hero's hand, they separated. Lieutenant Templeton, though he rejoined his ship, was still very weak from the effects of the fever. Magnus communicated to his friend the strange discovery he had made, giving him Don Ayalda's history of the marriage of his parents.

George Templeton was astonished at the unexpected manner in which the discovery was made, but he was not at all surprised that a marriage had taken place.

"It was, no doubt, to discover traces of his lost friend, Harold Fitzwilliam," said Lieutenant Templeton, "that your father made those frequent journeys into Spain; and his lowness of spirits proceeded from his being constantly baffled. With Don Tomas's assistance you may gain some clue to the fate of all those persons who have so

mysteriously disappeared; whilst this war lasts you can do nothing; besides it would be dangerous for you to encounter your bigoted and revengeful grandfather. We are going in a day or two to Gibraltar, to get repairs done; you are gaining laurels in your profession, do not let your mind rest too much upon this subject, you are very young, and can afford a few years to your profession."

Soon after this conversation, the Terpsichore proceeded to Gibraltar; but it was not till the fourteenth of December that the ship was fully repaired, and ready for active service. During that time her officers had a very gay time ashore. Magnus O'More giving way to the natural gaiety of his disposition, sanguine that in time he would establish his undoubted right to the name he bore, no longer appeared absorbed in gloomy thought.

Young, handsome, and gay, with a character for gallantry, courage, and skill, O'More was looked upon as one of fortune's pets, whose career promised well. He became a prodigious

favourite with the fair sex in Gibraltar, and there were many very beautiful girls, daughters of the naval and military officers stationed there; still, though very partial to female society, his heart remained untouched: he frequently thought of Norah O'More, and her lovely features and graceful form often floated before his vision in imagination; she had made a deeper impression on his mind than he was then aware of.

Captain Bowen was exceedingly anxious to put to sea. Notwithstanding that every means was adopted, the fever still continued, and laid up many of the men, so that when the Terpsichore sailed, on the fourteenth of December, she was still short twenty-four men, four boys, and three officers. On the sixteenth of December, the British frigate was lying to some sixteen leagues to the westward of Cadiz. The look-outs were very vigilant, for all expected to sight some of the homeward bound ships returning to Spain from the colonies. To our hero's intense vexation, Phelim McFarlane was left behind in

Gibraltar with fever, and he missed this faithful fellow exceedingly.

"It blew uncommonly hard last night, Magnus," observed the first lieutenant, joining our hero, who was walking the deck; "you must have felt it pretty sharply."

"Yes, for four hours it blew in right earnest, and I do not think it is over, though it has lulled. We have not shaken out a reef yet."

They were then under close reefed topsails.

"It's very strange," said Lieutenant Templeton "how this fever clings to the ship,—there are five more men attacked."

"I was uncommonly vexed to hear the surgeon say so," said our hero, "I was in hopes we were free, as we left Gibraltar without a man ill; and every precaution taken. I would not let even Phelim McFarlane come, though he was mending; we should have had no more of it, as Captain Bowen was so anxious about the men."

"A sail ho!" shouted the look-out,

"Where away," exclaimed O'More, taking a glass.

Captain Bowen came on deck, and all turned their glasses upon the object seen from aloft. In half-an-hour Captain Bowen declared he could make her out, and that she was a frigate. Orders were given to shake out the reefs, and hoist the topgallant sails. The breeze was strong; but the Terpsichore was well able to carry the canvas put upon her.

"That's a French frigate, O'More," observed Lieutenant Templeton.

"I am almost certain I know her," said Magnus, after a steady survey of her through his glass. "I am sure it's the Vestale, the vessel we chased some months ago; she belonged to Rear-Admiral Villeneuf's squadron, then going from Brest to Toulon."

"You are right, Mr. O'More," said Captain Bowen; "it is the Vestale."

This announcement ran through the frigate's crew, and all hands were on the alert. Before

twelve o'clock it was fully ascertained to be the Vestale, and a sudden shift of wind gave the Terpsichore a decided advantage. Still all felt considerable anxiety, knowing that their masts were sprung, and that they would not be able to come up with the French frigate before the port of Cadiz would afford her a refuge; but to their intense satisfaction, just as it grew dark the Vestale suddenly hauled up her courses, and lay-to.

Young Spencer, who was standing by our hero, cut a caper for joy. "By Jove, sir, she is going to wait for us, how polite!"

"Why, Polly," said the marine captain, joining the group," "you seem as pleased as if you had received an invitation out to dinner."

"Faith, Captain Merton," returned the midshipman, "invitations to a good dinner are rare; but mind me if you don't get pepper and spice to your mess to-night."

"Ah, you were praying for something like this, you young fire-brand," observed the jolly marine, laughing.

This memorable and well-fought action between the Terpsichore and the Vestale, two frigates nearly equal in tonnage and guns, though the latter had great superiority in men, commenced about midnight, and continued, at intervals, the entire night. Before morning it blew a heavy gale, with very thick weather. As the day dawned, the ships continued the strife, though both wind and sea were rapidly driving them upon the Spanish coast, which they did not perceive. Many men were killed on the decks of the Terpsichore; her first lieutenant wounded, also two midshipmen, and Captain Bowen for a moment stunned by a splinter; rigging and sails awfully cut up; but it was very apparent to all on board that the Vestale was in a much worse state,—her bulwarks were in splinters, her top-gallant masts all knocked out of her, and her rigging flying in streamers. Still, in spite of the heavy gale and sea, a furious cannonade was continued.

As yet Magnus O'More had remained un-

touched. After carrying his friend, Templeton, below, and ascertaining that his wound, though severe, was not dangerous, he returned upon deck, and cheered on the men to fresh exertions. Towards evening the fog lifted, but the gale continued, and they perceived that they were dangerously close to the shore, to the northern and westward of the reefs of San Sebastian. A terrible broadside from the English frigate brought down the foremast, with all its hamper, over the decks of the Vestale. A wild cheer testified the joy of those on board the Terpsichore; but the Vestale men fought with furious despair, as their masts were tottering. At length a well-directed broadside decided the action, and immediately after down came the tricolour, and the Vestale surrendered.

Captain Bowen was standing leaning upon the companion, for he suffered considerably from the blow of the splinter, looking up at his sails fluttering in ribbons, and his spars in splinters, the bulwarks shattered, and his three masts badly

injured. It was blowing extremely hard, and a violent sea ran in upon the reef of San Sebastian. The decks were slippery with blood, and numbers were carried below wounded. Only one boat, the cutter, remained fit for service.

"Lieutenant O'More," said the commander, "you had better take the cutter, board the Vestale, and anchor her, if you cannot manage otherwise, till we can take you in tow; we are awfully cut up. Take the master with you, and a good crew. I feel very weak at present, and must see about getting to-rights, and keeping further off shore."

The cutter was soon over the side, and our hero and his companions leaped in, well-armed; the sea was exceedingly rough, and as the cutter was urged through the water, Mr. Elder, the master, observed,—

"It will be a ticklish job, Mr. O'More, and if it comes on to blow harder she will assuredly go ashore."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the midshipman named

Spencer, "there goes her mainmast and mizen;" and, true enough, both went over the side, as the frigate rolled heavily in the seas that ran in, and broke like thunder on the shoals.

"We must anchor her," said our hero; "give way, my hearties. The sooner we are on board the better; for I strongly suspect we shall get little help from the crew."

"They will all surely perish, if she takes the ground," remarked Mr. Elder.

The next moment they were alongside, and scrambled up upon deck, when a scene of the most horrible confusion was beheld. The deck was slippery with gore; the dead and wounded side by side, in all directions; and, what was even more terrible to witness, the survivors of the crew were lying about, amongst the dying and the dead, in a state of intoxication.

"Every soul will perish!" cried our hero, "if we are not quick, Mr. Elder."

The master and seamen of the Terpsichore hurried to let go an anchor; but returned to

Lieutenant O'More, who was vainly endeavouring to rouse some of the crew less drunk than the rest.

"There is not a single anchor left," said Mr. Elder; "our situation is fearful."

"Nevertheless," said Lieutenant O'More, "we must bring her up someway; these brutes are insensible to their situation, and those less intoxicated sullen as bears."

After incredible exertions, Mr. Elder, our hero the midshipman, and the seven seamen, brought the Vestale up in six fathoms' water. They then anxiously turned their eyes upon the Terpsichore, for if she could not weather the rocks of San Sebastian she would certainly go ashore; but, they saw that after a gallant and anxious struggle, she gained an offing.

"Thank goodness, the good ship is safe," cried our hero to the master, "and our craft here holds on."

"To morrow, if the weather moderates," said Mr. Elder, "she will, no doubt, stand in, and

row us off; but we shall have a bad time of it with these drunken, unruly brutes."

"I spoke to one of the lieutenants," said Magnus O'More; "but he only shrugged his shoulders, and said the first lieutenant was below, and I had better speak to him. I went down to do so, but he had locked himself in. I had a good mind to kick open the door; but come down, I will make the steward find some refreshment for ourselves and men."

A wretched night of anxiety was passed by the prize crew. The drunken crew continued their brutal intoxication, and the officers kept to themselves. In the morning, to their infinite joy, they beheld the Terpsichore standing in, and shortly after she anchored in ten fathoms' water.

The crew of the Vestale would give no help whatever. However, the captors made an effort to get a tow-rope on board the Vestale, which, after considerable delay and difficulty, was accomplished. Then the Terpsichore cut her cable, and made sail, with the dismasted prize in tow.

Just as Lieutenant O'More and the master

were congratulating each other on their chance of being extricated from their perilous situation, the bend of the stream cable, to which a hawser was attached, got foul of a rock; and, after vain efforts to free it, the crew of the Terpsichore were forced to cast themselves off.

"This is confoundedly provoking," exclaimed the master, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and stamping on the deck.

"Very," said Magnus; "but let go the other anchor you fortunately prepared."

The men ran forward, and let go,—to this anchor the ship rode; but an intensely dark night came on, and again the British frigate stood off to sea.

"We are in a fix, Mr. O'More," observed the master, fatigued and exceedingly uneasy, as the darkness increased; "these drunken rascals now show signs of something more than indifference,—it is not unlikely, as they get sober, but that they will rise and turn on us; and what can seven of us do?"

As Mr. Elder spoke, a peculiar whistle was

heard in the fore part of the ship, followed by another aft.

"Call our men here at once, Spencer," said O'More.

As the men mustered, there was a sudden rush of the crew of the Vestale,—some of them opening battle lanterns, and hanging them up in the rigging.

Our hero perceived by their light that the men were led on to attack them by the sulky lieutenant he had spoken to several times, and who, as he rushed towards him, regarded him with a very savage expression of countenance. Shooting the first man that made a blow at him, our hero made a rush at the French lieutenant, who discharged a pistol at him within a few inches, but it hung fire fortunately; the next instant our hero struck him to the deck with a blow of his cutlass, making a desperate gash in his face, but the rush of men from all quarters drove Lieutenant O'More—who strove desperately to save the gallant young Spencer—and the prize crew back.

One of the Terpsichore's men fell, which greatly exasperated the master, who fought valiantly. Just then the lieutenant cut down by O'More staggered to his feet, shouting out, "cut them down! pitch them overboard!" Some thirty or more, blinded by drink, and savage from defeat, made a rush, and, notwithstanding Lieutenant O'More's desperate resistance, cutting and wounding many, they seized him, and with savage oaths hurled him overboard, clear of the bulwarks, and into the dark and agitated sea, lashing against the sides of the frigate.

Perfectly conscious, and but little hurt, our hero pitched into the sea, escaping by great good fortune striking against several of the spars, held to the sides by the rigging—for the crew of the Vestale had flung overboard parts of the wreck that cumbered the decks.

Being a first-rate swimmer, O'More rose to the surface, and kicking off his shoes, he struck out with the intention of going with the seas and wind, and thus, perhaps, reaching the land, but

almost immediately he came against a huge spar. The night was intensely dark; he grasped the spar and listened—the shouts and cries on board the frigate had ceased, he saw only a huge, black mass, and could hear nothing but the roar of the wind, and the thunder of the surge on the rocky shore.

Our hero easily surmised that the spar he was on was made fast to the Vestale by some ropes. Getting astride on what he conjectured was the jibboom, he took out his knife, and, groping for the ropes, found the one that held the spar to the frigate. This he cut, and immediately he began drifting to the shore. It was the month of December, and bitterly cold, but, knowing that the shore was not very distant, he kept himself upon the spar till the furious din of the surf satisfied him that he was near. He then quitted the spar, as there was almost certain destruction if the spar should fall on him on being thrown on the rocks.

He felt there was a tremendous sea rolling in

on that iron-bound coast, but select a favourable spot he could not, for all he could see was a lofty long line of dark coast, and the white foam of the breakers, as it was hurled into the air. Recommending himself to Providence, he felt himself lifted up by a huge wave, hurled forward with wonderful velocity, and, by one of those providential circumstances, lifted clear over a reef of sharp rocks, and thrown with considerable violence upon a shingly beach. Making violent efforts to resist the back water, he contrived to scramble higher up, and the next wave only partially covered him. Benumbed and exhausted, he crawled a few paces further, and then lay down, without the power to move further. Fortunately, the first wave that lifted him over the reef was by far the mightiest, so that only the spray of the other fell upon him; and thus he was saved. *

* Excepting the individual exploits of our hero, the capture and loss of the Vestale is strictly correct.

CHAPTER IX.

MAGNUS O'MORE, the moment he recovered his strength a little, rose. A darker night it was scarcely possible to witness. Exerting himself to get the circulation of blood into his benumbed body, he kept moving, and at length scrambled up behind a huge mass of rock, which completely sheltered him from the biting wind. It would shortly be daylight, so he turned his thoughts upon his situation, and on the best manner of acting. He made no doubt but that the Terpsichore would stand in with the daylight, and that probably the men had managed to repair some of the boats, and would board the Vestale, and he most anxiously hoped that the

lives of the master, young Spencer, and the men would be spared. The treacherous, unmanly, and base conduct of the officers and men of the Vestale was unprecedented, and should be severely punished.

It occurred to our hero that if he could change garments with one of the French seamen cast ashore, many, no doubt, being washed on to the rocks, he could escape being made prisoner by the Spaniards. Full of this idea, when the dawn made he left his shelter and proceeded along the beach. He soon perceived several bodies lying on the edge of high water mark, and came up with one whose left arm had been torn off by a shot, and whom he judged, by his uniform, must have been an officer of the Vestale. These bodies were melancholy evidences of ruthless war; but there was no time for reflection, daylight was increasing rapidly, when he came suddenly upon the body of a tall, powerful looking young man, who evidently had been an officer in the French marines; he was

in uniform, and, as well as Magnus O'More could judge, had died from a contusion on the head—perhaps had been knocked overboard by the fall of the masts, and left to perish in the confusion that prevailed.

The poor fellow was lying on his back, between two high rocks. Throwing off his own garments, O'More at once attired himself in those of the marine officer, drawing the body high up, out of reach of the next tide, that it might get christian burial. Having completely dressed himself in the drenched and soiled clothes, he proceeded to climb a high rock in order to get a view seaward. The breeze had slackened, and the sunbeams broke cheerfully through the wintry sky, but no sooner did he obtain a clear view along the coast and to seaward, than he uttered an exclamation of profound vexation, as he recognized the Vestale, with spars rigged as masts, sails set, and French colours flying, with several Spanish boats towing her within the shoals towards Cadiz. Looking seaward he recognized

the British frigate, under full sail, in vain pursuit. This was a most vexatious sight to Magnus O'More, and completely puzzled him how he should act. He was not at all afraid of being detected in his character of a Frenchman, but he was without funds; when leaving the Terpsichore he had not even his watch. He had hoped that his ship would have anchored near to the prize, and that by means of a boat he should have managed to get on board—now that was out of the question.

However, his was not a nature to despond, so trusting to his good fortune to help him, and grateful to providence for his most unexpected escape from almost certain death, when hurled over the bulwarks of the Vestale, he descended the rock, and advanced towards a number of men whom he saw on the beach pulling up the dead bodies, and collecting the spars and rigging the gale had washed upon the beach. To proceed to Cadiz now the Vestale had a chance of getting there, would lead to his detection and imprison-

ment; he therefore walked on to the beach, where the peasantry seemed very intent in stripping the dead, and burying the bodies.

Approaching four men collecting materials, he at once attracted their attention, and they looked doubtfully at him, each having their long knives in their hands. But Magnus very quietly accosted them, speaking their own language, and requesting to know how far it was to the next village. The men seemed exceedingly surprised at hearing their own language so well spoken, and one of them asked, "are you French?" Magnus was of course obliged to reply in the affirmative, and to tell them that he had come from the French ship which they could still see, going slowly along shore.

"Ah! Christos! that is good," said the Spaniards, "French, good people, they believe in the blessed saints!" each man making the sign of the cross with his knife across his breast.

"But the English cursed heretics believe in nothing,—if we had one here, we would treat

him thus," and they drew the back of their knives significantly across their bare brown throats.

Much obliged to them for this friendly hint, Magnus again enquired how far it was to the next village, as he was cold, wet, and hungry, and had had a narrow escape from drowning, being knocked over board, and had saved his life on a spar.

"You are not," said one of the men, "more than a league or so from a very good village with a first rate venta. The village is called Petri, you cannot miss seeing the spire of the church, after you get off the beach; besides, you are not more than five leagues from Cadiz, which no doubt your ship will soon reach and laugh at the heretic English."

Thanking them for their information, he left them pursuing an occupation they were evidently well accustomed to on that wild coast; he traversed the beach,—ascended the bank, and got upon a slight ascent,—true enough he perceived a spire peeping above a plantation of some sort,

and saw that the land he had to traverse to reach it was a dry and sandy soil, without cultivation, and certainly with very little signs of vegetation.

It was a fine open day, and the rays of even a wintry sun began to dry his garments. After half an hour's walk he came upon a well-beaten track, evidently leading from the hills to the village. Along this he pursued his way, beginning to feel that a good breakfast would not be a thing to be despised; but how to pay for it, was rather startling; at all events, come what would, he was resolved to eat it first, and think of payment afterwards.

About a mile from the village the land showed signs of cultivation, and very shortly after he perceived the river on the banks of which the village was situated.

It was a scattered place, with a few respectable houses here and there, and in the middle stood the venta, a tidy and tolerably large cottage. Entering the house of entertainment, he was

soon in the kitchen, where he found two females, one about eighteen or nineteen years of age, exceedingly tastefully attired, and as she turned round on hearing his steps, Magnus perceived that she was very pretty, with jet black hair and a dazzling pair of bright dark eyes. The old woman had an iron ladle in her hand, with which she was stirring the contents of a huge iron pot, suspended over a blazing log fire, the wood part of the frame evidently from some good ship.

Both women looked at our hero with great surprise. Magnus O'More, however, at once addressed them, saying that he had just been washed ashore on a mast from a French ship, which had fought a fierce fight with an English frigate.

"Ah! Santos," said the old woman, "I hope the French ship sunk the heretics, their souls were lost already, so it little mattered what became of their bodies. May an earthquake swallow them all up,—just such an earthquake as I saw forty years ago."

The young woman, with her dark Andalusian eyes, fixed upon Magnus, whose tall fine figure and handsome features seemed to please her started forward, saying,

"Ah, Madre! never mind earthquakes, of which you are always dreaming, or heretics, who, after all, are like ourselves in flesh and blood, and let this stranger dry himself at the fire, whilst I light one in the next room, and then you can get him some dinner ready, for I am sure he is both hungry and cold," and placing a stool by the fire, she gave him a glance from her bright eyes, that wet and cold as he was, struck an electric spark into his rather susceptible heart. Magnus thanked the maiden with a smile and a compliment to her dark eyes, that caused her to show her white and even teeth, and then, with that light and graceful step, so fascinating in the maidens of Andalusia, she hurried into the next room to get it ready for a guest who seemed to please her.

Magnus O'More drew near the fire and seated

himself on the stool the young girl had placed for him, and then he took a particular survey of the old woman, whom he judged by her puckered, hrivelled visage to be about eighty or ninety, and wondered how it was possible she could be the young girl's mother.

The object of his scrutiny having given a scientific turn to the contents of the iron pot, took out a ladle full, and after blowing it for a moment or two, drank some, and then with the word buono, returned the rest to the pot.

"I certainly will object to breakfasting upon that mess," said Magnus, mentally. "In the first place it smells horribly of garlic, and the next, I do not like old women as tasters."

Having satisfied herself that her cookery was getting on to her satisfaction, the old woman leaning on the long iron ladle, turned to our hero, whose wet clothes began to smoke from the heat of the fire.

"What became of your ship, Captanos?" asked the dame. "Eh, our men of the village went

down to the beach, to see what was going on after all the firing we heard."

"Oh, they have taken her into Cadiz, I suppose, by this time," returned the Lieutenant.

"But, my good woman," continued Magnus, turning himself round to dry his back, "What can you give me to eat? Now that I am getting dry I begin to feel hungry."

"To eat! blessed saints," and she pointed with her ladle to the bubbling pot. "Look at that,—there's plenty of soup—and good soup too?"

"Yes," returned Magnus, "but unfortunately I do not like soup. I had to drink so much water swimming ashore,—that I fear to take soup."

"Santos Dios!" returned the old woman, "there's a fine cock and a piece of bacon in the pot besides."

"How unlucky I am," returned our hero. "Why we have lived on cocks on board our ship the last three months, I really do not think I

can look a cock in the face for the next three months."

"Ah! Madonna! how's that?" demanded the old woman, in great amazement. "Where did all the cocks come from."

"We were short of provisions," said Magnus, with a smile; "and were bringing home a cargo of game cocks from a celebrated island where these birds abound, and as I said being short of provisions,—we were forced to eat all the cocks, poor things."

"Madre!" muttered the old woman, "what a strange cargo, how they must have crowed every morning, enough to deafen you."

"The fact was," said our hero, looking serious, "their very crowing condemned them—it was frightful; but cannot you give me an omelette?"

"Eh, Madonna!" returned the dame, "to have an omelette we must have eggs, and unfortunately we breed only cocks in this village," and the old woman soused the ladle in, and fished up the cock stewing in a very dubious mixture. "Fine

bird," said she; "he's old, but five hours' stewing will make him tender."

Magnus laughed; but the door opening, he saw the girl entering; "here's your daughter, perhaps she may manage to get me something?"

"Daughter," said the old woman, laughing, "you don't think I could have a daughter of Juana's age; blessed saints be thanked, I have reached my eighty-eighth year."

"By Jove, you are a remarkably fine old lady,' said the lieutenant.

"What's to be done with this Senor Captanos," said Juana's grandmother, "he says he don't like soup."

"Well," returned the girl, with a smile, "perhaps he has had too much soup, as our proverb says:—Cada dio, gallina, amarga cocina."

"You are a charming girl, Juana," said our hero, "that's precisely the case."

"Then I will cook you an omelette," she answered, going to the cupboard.

"What!" screamed the old woman, "take the priest's eggs? there are but nine, and he will want them for his supper."

"The priest, madre, is sure to have made a good dinner at Chicalana, and this senor has had neither breakfast nor dinner; come with me, senor, there is a good fire in the little parlour, and our worthy priest will not object to do without his omelette for once in a way."

The old woman growled, "It's all very fine his story of game cocks; but ——."

Magnus lost the rest of the sentence, for he followed Juana into the parlour, closed the door, and putting his arm round the taper waist of the Spanish girl, he said, "I made a vow when cast ashore, to kiss the first pretty Spaniard I should fall in with, and you certainly are the most charming I shall meet here or anywhere;" and before Juana could prevent him, he fulfilled his vow amply.

"Madonna!" cried Juana, with the rich colour

showing through her clear skin, "you forget that I may have a lover, and that the nanda is a lover's weapon if he saw you."

"I should care little for a dozen knives," replied Magnus, "I would risk more than that for a smile from your sweet eyes, so forgive me, I will not be tempted again."

Juana laughed saying, "a la mala costumbre, que. Luego la Ferna! for if Juan saw you there would be blood."

Magnus troubled very little about the said Juan and his nanda; he thought Juana the prettiest girl he had seen.

"Do you know," said Juana, as she arranged the table, &c., "I think you are not much like a Frenchman, you have more the look of a Spaniard, in your eyes and complexion."

"Well, Juana, perhaps I have some Spanish blood in me; but I hope the priest will not order you a penance for giving his omelette to a heretic."

"Heretic!" said the maiden, finishing laying

the cloth, and keeping the table between her and the young lieutenant; "why, the French are not heretics, they worship the saints and the blessed Madonna, like ourselves."

"Yes, they did some time ago," answered our hero; "but now it's not the fashion to have any religion: since they have cut off the poor king's head, there's no religion in France; they worship sweet bright eyes such as yours."

"Ah then, Frenchmen are very bad men," retorted Juana, with her sparkling eyes fixed upon Magnus: "I must carefully avoid them, and confess to the priest that—ah," she added, laughing, "do you keep quiet, and I will not mind confession this time." So saying, she quitted the room, shaking her finger at the young lieutenant.

Magnus O'More, finding his coat rather tight, took it off, and was putting it before the fire to dry, when he felt something in the breast pocket. Putting in his hand he pulled out a pocket-book with a silver clasp closing it. "Poor fellow!"

muttered the lieutenant, opening it, "he will never want this again." His gaze then rested upon several letters, and a small envelope of silver paper, tied with green silk; within was a rich tress of auburn hair with a locket and a cornelian heart. "Alas! alas!" said Magnus, half aloud, and becoming very serious, "this tells a sad tale, a tress from a loved mistress, perhaps wife; there is a heart to be pained yet," and he put back the letters and the hair, first just looking at the address on the back of the letters. They were addressed, in a beautiful female hand, to François Andre d'Almarde.

"It is not right," soliloquised our hero, after a moment's thought, that the outpourings of a fond heart should be read by a stranger; and taking the letters he placed them on the fire, and saw them and the tress of hair consumed. In another fold of the pocket-book were several gold and silver coins, and nearly two thousand francs in paper money, of the revolutionary government. "Well if I am forced to use any of this money,

I will endeavour to make ample return for it; should I ever stumble upon any of the young man's relatives—which is not at all probable." Whilst thus soliloquising, the door of the room opened, and a young man, somewhat singularly attired, entered the room, making a low bow.

Magnus looked at the Spaniard, and he at him, each with a considerable degree of curiosity. The Spaniard was about the middle height, slender, but a sinewy good figure, though swarthy as a Moor; his features were good, and altogether he was a very well-looking youth; he wore a short brown jacket, the arms and back of which were inlaid with cloth of various colours; but scarlet and yellow predominated. His calzones were of black velvet and open at the knee, these and gaily embroidered leggings of calf skin lacing up the outside of the leg completed his attire; in his hand he held a conical hat with a very capacious brim. After a full survey of our hero, he said—"Senor, I am the chief muleteer of Chicalana, and have a calese at that town. Dame Mara says

you are going to Cadiz because your ship is gone there, if so I can guide you, and give you a seat in my calese."

"Why, my good fellow," said Magnus, "Cadiz is only a few miles from here."

"True, senor, so it is," returned the muleteer, "if you could go as the bird flies; but there is a great salt marsh, and the broad estuary of the Petri river to cross; but you cannot pass them, you must go by Chicalana and Isla, both large towns."

Our hero thought for a moment, and looking up, said, "Very good, Juan, I will go to Cadiz with you. I suppose I can purchase some garments at Chicalana, these are soaked with salt water, I can scarcely get them on again."

"Dios! senor, to be sure you can; but how did you know my name was Juan? Carambo! it's odd."

"Not at all," returned the lieutenant, resuming his coat, "I fancy most Spaniards are called Juan or Carlos, so I made a guess."

Juan rubbed the back of his head, and looked hard at our hero; he appeared mystified. "Now, Juan," continued the lieutenant, "how are we to get to Chicalana? is that the name of the place where you keep your mules?"

"Calese, senor," returned Juan, "I have my mules here; you can ride one of them to Chicalana."

"Very good, that's settled," returned our hero; "now tell me what brought so smart a muleteer to this little village?—to see Juana, I suppose?"

"Carambo, senor," muttered the muleteer, "you seem to know all our names,—how's that?" and he looked rather uneasy at the careless lieutenant.

"Nothing more natural, amigo. I call all the men Juan, and the feminine of Juan is Juana, I should fancy, a very pretty nice girl is Juana, and a kiss from her sweet lips is worth travelling to this part of the world for."

"Santos Dios, senor!" vehemently interrupted the muleteer, looking savage, "I should like to see any one attempt to kiss Juana."

"So should I, Juan," said the lieutenant, coolly, "she is a deuced deal too pretty for that. Ah, here is the maiden herself, with eyes like a gazelle, and a step like a fairy; you are a lucky fellow, Juan, you are, indeed."

The muleteer looked daggers; his eyes ran over the tall powerful figure of the lieutenant, and then looked at the gay ribbons streaming from the knees of his calzones, and he bit his lip as Juana entered the room, carrying a smoking omelette and some other things on a tray. Juan made way for the girl, and cast on her a glance of bitter rage as he perceived that she had made some trifling addition to her attire, and settled her abundant glossy hair.

"Ah!" muttered the muleteer, "this cursed Hercules of a Frenchman, with his handsome face, pleases her. Carambo," and his hand was plunged into his vest till it rested on the handle of his nanda.

"What are you muttering about, Juan?" asked Juana, after placing the things on the

table. "Have you made a bargain to take this senor to Chicalana and to Cadiz? If so, we can all go together."

"You had better stay till the day after," said Juan, almost ferociously. "The senor will want the spare mule."

"Eh, Madonna! I know that."

Our hero's ears were open, but we must confess he felt so exceedingly hungry, and the smell of the omelette dressed by the pretty Spaniard was so tempting, that it was rapidly disappearing under his attack.

"But, Juan," continued Juana, pouring out and handing Magnus O'More a glass of clear, sparkling wine of Xeres, and at the same time giving a side-glance out of her sparkling eyes at the enraged muleteer, "you or the senor can take me up behind."

"I will do that, Juana, with the greatest pleasure," said Magnus. "I would rather have your charming arm round my waist than a twelvemonth's pay."

"Carambo, senor!" exclaimed Juan, losing all his forbearance, "I want no one to take care of my intended," and with a flashing eye and a flushed cheek he walked from the room, with what he intended should be a very stately step. Juana laughed heartily. She shook her head at the lieutenant, and followed her lover.

"Well, by Jupiter Ammon! that girl's eyes bewilder me," muttered our hero, making a determined and final attack upon the omelette. But he was not destined to complete the demolition without another interruption, for the door opened, and the portly form of a priest, with one of those huge, bat-like sombreros on his head, entered the room. The padre gave a very significant sniff, and then a look at the small remains of the nine eggs forming the omelette, and heaving a heavy sigh, whilst taking off his sombrero, he said, "God save you, my son, and increase your appetite."

"Ah!" thought Magnus, "this is the priest who was to have eaten the omelette. Thank

goodness there is not a shadow of it left." He swallowed the last morsel, and then said,

"Thank you, padre; as you may perceive, my appetite is good, but there remains little to gratify it."

"My son," observed the priest, seating himself, "this is a poor place; you cannot expect Malaga raisins will grow on a rock. But, my son, you speak the language like a native of a distant province, though they tell me you are French—therefore I suppose you belong to the frigate that was dismasted by those heretics, the English."

"And yet, my good padre," said Magnus, looking into the small eyes, and big, jolly, fat, red face of the priest, "these same heretic English pay respect to all religions, whilst the French desecrate all places of worship, and drive their priests from their flocks."

The priest crossed himself devoutly, muttering various scraps of Latin, but Juana drove away all his pious thoughts by entering with a huge bowl of the famous cock broth, a leg and a wing of the

said bird, and a plate of onions and garlic, which she placed before the priest.

"I am afraid, padre," observed our hero, with a side-look at Juana, "that I have made free with your dinner?"

"No, my son," returned the padre, tucking a napkin under his chin, "I have, thanks to the blessed saints, dined well. I come here once a week from Chicalana, and when the labours of the day are over I regale this poor body with an omelette. If you enjoyed it, you are heartily welcome, for my pretty penitent here tells me that you were eight hours in the water—and, verily, the water is cold this time of year."

The lieutenant looked at Juana, who was smiling, behind the padre's back; so he made no remark about the tremendous time the worthy priest mentioned respecting his being in the water. In the meantime the priest put a plentiful supply of garlic into the broth, and refrained from uttering a word till he had finished it. Wiping his chin, he then said, turning, to our hero, "My son,

I am now going to the chapel; doubtless you will be glad to return thanks to the saints for your miraculous preservation? In an hour I shall be ready."

"Certainly, padre," returned our hero, "I am deeply grateful to Providence. I will follow you shortly."

The priest rose from his seat, resumed his sombrero, and left the room.

The young man sat for more than half-an-hour after the departure of the priest, sipping his wine, and plunged in deep thought. He was now in the country that gave birth to his mother—could he by any possibility unravel the mystery of the past? he felt a longing desire to visit her Spanish home, but then his duty was to endeavour to reach his ship, a difficult task. To do so, he must make his way to Gibraltar or Lisbon. From this train of thought he was roused by the entrance of Juana; this time she looked serious.

"What has clouded your bright eyes, Juana?" asked the lieutenant, rising and approaching

the maiden, but she kept the table between them, and said,

"Indeed, senor, you must be serious too, for your liberty, perhaps your life, may be endangered."

"I am so accustomed to that, Juana, that I feel no apprehension; do not let that fear chase away your smiles, for I assure you there is more danger in your eyes and lips than you dream of."

"Ah, Madonna! leave my lips alone, and let me tell you what I have heard. I am sure you are not a Frenchman,—are you?"

"I would not tell you a story, Juana; therefore I say I am not a Frenchman."

"Ah, I knew it, you are English; and how strange it is, I feel such an interest in you; I cannot account for it."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Magnus, "for—"

"Madonna! do not interrupt me whilst I tell you all I have heard, and then you will see that you are in real danger.

"Before daylight this morning my uncle, when he heard all the firing, went down to the beach, and an hour ago he came back. I was in the kitchen, and he was telling my grandmother that two great ships, English and French, were firing all night, and that the French ship was dismasted, and several dead bodies were washed upon the beach by the Gut Rocks. He was sitting watching for daylight, he said, on a rock above the beach, and just as it came light, he beheld a man in a strange uniform go down among the rocks, and strip one of the bodies of the garments, exchanged them for his own, which he threw into a cleft of a rock."

"Your uncle, Juana, was a very sharp-sighted individual."

"He was not ten yards from the stranger," returned the Spanish maiden. "He then saw the stranger go away, speak to some of the men who had been collecting wreck, and then walk off at a quick pace towards the village. My uncle went down and pulled the stranger's clothes out

of the place they were put in, and saw that the garments were those of an English officer. My uncle knew them at once, for he served in the navy, and was twice in England."

"'Eh, blessed Saints!' said my grandmother, 'What became of the heretic Englishman after robbing the dead.'

"'You cannot call it robbing the dead,' answered my uncle. 'No doubt the Englishman thought he would be safer in the garments of a Frenchman than in his own.'"

'"Upon my word, Juana," observed our hero, "your uncle is perfectly right, and struck the right nail on the head, as your Spanish proverb says."

"'We have a man who says he is a French officer in the other room,' said my grandmother. 'What if he should be this heretic Englishman?'

"Just then Padre Ignatius came into the kitchen, and senor, you see, when all the men return from the wreck, you will surely be dis-

covered, for of course I now know you are the Englishman."

"Yes, my dear girl, I am," said Magnus, "and bless my stars at finding as kind a heart caring for my safety."

"Madonna! senor, I am half English myself, "and why should I not feel for you?"

"You half English?" returned the surprised lieutenant, "why I am half Spanish. I wondered at seeing you so fair. But how is this, Juana—was your father an Englishman?"

"No, senor; my mother is an English woman, though she has never been in England since she was nine years old. She married José Torridos, but, persecuted by the vengeance of the great Count de Cabra."

"Count de Cabra!" repeated Magnus with a flush all over his features, and taking Juana's hand, who was so surprised that she did not attempt to get further off from her dangerous guest.

"Did you ever hear that name before?" she questioned. "Indeed, indeed, there is some strange mystery about you. Do tell me? Do you know the Count de Ca bra?'

"No, Juana; but he is my mother's father."

The young girl uttered a cry of surprise and joy, and lifting the hand of the lieutenant, kissed it, saying with much emotion, and in a tone of great respect,

"Then you are the son of Fernanda of Cordova, the rose of Andalusia. I knew there was something stirring in my heart towards you. Ah, senor, if you only knew how my mother loved her beautiful mistress," and the Spanish maiden stepped back a pace or two, looking at Magnus in a serious and thoughtful manner.

"Juana! Juana!" exclaimed a loud voice beneath the window, "if the senor does not come quickly, the people will be all here, they are coming over the hill."

"Madonna, Madonna! how forgetful I have

been!" exclaimed the alarmed girl. "You must go, senor, at once to Chicalana. You can safely trust Juan; he may be jealous, as all Spaniards are; but he is true. He will guide you to Chicalana faithfully. If these men come here, you cannot escape."

"But I must see you again, Juana; I have so much to say and to inquire," said Magnus, eagerly.

"Yes, yes; you shall see me again, senor. You can wait at Chicalana till to-morrow. I shall be there. There, there—do go, or you will be too late."

Magnus O'More, full of thought, followed Juana into the kitchen. The old dame was alone, most of the villagers having gone to the chapel. Juana's grandmother looked very hard at our hero; he placed in her hand some silver French money,—this seemed to please her, for she muttered to herself, as he passed out into the front of the house,—"Madonna! he has an

honest look about him; he can't be a heretic, and robber of the dead." Juan was outside, holding the mules, and extremely impatient; he cast a look of reproach upon Juana, who was very serious; and, going to the side of the muleteer, she spoke to him, in a low voice, for a moment.

The muleteer replied, with much vehemence of manner, and called upon the saints to guarantee what he said, for which Juana rewarded him with a kind smile, that made him quite gay.

"Farewell," said the lieutenant, with a motion of his hand to Juana,—"remember!"—and throwing himself on the mule, left the place in a gallop.

Juana stood looking after them for a few moments; her pretty, intelligent features wearing a very thoughtful expression, as she said to herself, "Madonna direct me, but I think I ought not to see him again; I have often heard mother say his father was the handsomest cavalero in all Spain.

No, I will not see him again till I am beneath my mother's roof in Cadiz." So saying, with her bright eyes fixed upon the ground, she re-entered the venta.

CHAPTER X.

Leaving the little village of Petri, the muleteer, evidently much more contented now that the lieutenant was away from Juana's fascinations, led the way in a canter—our hero thinking a great deal more of the Spanish maiden, and what she had said on the subject of the Count de Cabra, than the scenery, or the peculiarity of the road they were traversing. The route, after losing sight of the village, wound up the side of a steep hill; this ascent checked the muleteer's speed,—pulling up his mule, he threw his leg over the saddle, and sat looking at our hero for several moments, and evidently with a degree of satisfaction in his looks.

Magnus O'More was thinking, not of Juan certainly, but of Juana, and what he could do, now that his foot was on Spanish soil, to unravel the mystery of his parents' marriage; and Juana appeared as if well acquainted with the incidents relating to that marriage.

"Senor," said Juan, as our hero came up with him, "you had a most fortunate escape,—Carambo! they would have cut your throat," and he passed his finger across his bare, muscular neck. "You may thank Juana—"

"Yes," returned the lieutenant, looking up; "Juana is a sweet, pretty girl, and those bright eyes of hers are as dangerous as her lips."

"Carambo, senor," said the muleteer, twisting his moustache, and gaining another position on his mule, who toiled up the hill; "I told you that Juana is my intended spouse?"

"It's very possible, my good fellow, and you're a lucky fellow, too; but your being betrothed to Juana does not, by any means, lessen the brightness of her eyes, or the sweetness of her lips."

"Santos Dios! senor," exclaimed Juan, uneasily. "If you were an old woman,—vamos; but you are not an old woman?"

"No; thanks to the saints, Juan, I am neither an old woman, nor an old man; consequently I admire your intended wife uncommonly, and you ought to feel proud of her attractions."

Juan rubbed his chin, looking very much as if he doubted Magnus O'More's reasoning. "But tell me, Juan?" continued the lieutenant. "Come, do not be looking sulky. If I did kiss Juana, it could do her no possible harm."

"Blessed saints! do you take me for an old woman?" uttered Juan, giving his mule a smart taste of his whip for a slight stumble. "Carambo! I'm a man, and a Spaniard; and no man shall kiss my intended."

"Unless she likes it, Juan," interrupted the lieutenant, laughing; "always permit the ladies to judge what is right until after the matrimonial noose is tied. You will make a very handsome

couple; I should like to be one of the guests at your wedding."

"Body of the saints!" muttered the muleteer. "I will take care you shan't."

"But tell me, Juan," continued the lieutenant. "Juana, of course, told you I was an Englishman; now, knowing that I am an Englishman and a heretic, how is it that you are so willing to assist me?"

The muleteer crossed himself first, and then said,—"Senor, for two reasons,—Juana's mother has been a mother to me, she is English; and then Juana came to me, and says she, 'Juan, my poor fellow, I'm afraid I can't be your wife.'

"'Carambo!' I exclaimed, furious, 'that's the doing of—of the Frenchman; if it is I'll—'"

"'Don't make a fool of yourself, Juan,' said my intended, quite coolly. 'He's not a Frenchman; he's an English officer.'

"'Santos Dios! he's the man who robbed the dead,' said I.

"'If you say that again,' said Juana, shaking her hand at me, and stamping her little foot;—

"She has a very pretty foot, senor," continued the muleteer, smoothing his moustache.

"And ankle," added the lieutenant; "and as neat a waist to put an arm round as any maiden in Andalusia."

"Senor, we were not talking of her waist."

"No," returned the lieutenant; "but if you begin at the feet, you see, you naturally get to the waist in time; but we are nearly at the top of the hill. How did your conversation with Juana end?"

"Why, senor, she told me plainly that if I did not take the greatest care of you, and see you safe under her mother's roof in Cadiz, she would never be my wife. 'And if I see him safe then?' asked I.

"'Well, there's my hand,' said she; 'it's yours.' Carambo! senor, never fear. I'll take care that you reach Cadiz safely; and, to tell you the truth, I would like you, if—if—"

"I was an old woman; eh, Juan?" returned Magnus, laughing merrily. "Cheer up, you're a good lad, and you will be happy with your pretty Juana yet; so push along."

The descent of the hill was, however, too steep for speed, so the lieutenant commenced conversation again by asking the muleteer if Juana's mother had not, many years ago, lived in Seville.

"Yes, senor; it was there she married Josè Torridos. He was a native of Seville, and was a man well-to-do; but, some how, he offended his lord, the great Count de Cabra, and made him his enemy; he drove him from Seville, and ruined him. Juana's mother was put into the Inquisition, and only got out by an act of grace: for, senor, every prisoner was released who was not a heretic; they were kept for the last Auto de Fé that will ever be in this country."

"Shame and disgrace to a Christian nation, to permit so infamous and horrible a sight," said Magnus, vehemently.

The muleteer crossed himself, and followed our hero, who this time took the lead, his thoughts resting upon the sufferings of those who had served his parents. Having reached the foot of the hill, they entered an extensive pine wood that skirted the town of Chicalana; to the right were the heights of Barrosa, destined some years afterwards to be celebrated as a spot where British valour was conspicuous under the command of General Graham.

Having traversed the wood, which appeared to abound with game, they came out on a pleasant place and at a short distance they perceived Chicalana. As they entered the town, Magnus reminded Juan that he was to pass for a Frenchman, "but," said he, "if you can get me the dress of a Spanish Senor, I will give you money to purchase it, and when Juana comes we will continue our way to Cadiz, for I have made up my mind to go there."

"I will get you the garments you want," replied Juan, "but, if you take my advice, you will keep

what you have got on, for though you speak Spanish well, and have something of the Spanish grandee about you, yet Frenchmen are now everything in Spain, and you will be able to do what you please as a French officer."

"Perhaps so," said Magnus. "I will remain as I am then; go to a good venta, by Jove! this is but a dirty hole of a place."

Chicalana, though now a favourite summer retreat of the gay folks of Cadiz, is nearly as dirty and dilapidated a place as it was some sixty years ago; and offers a very striking contrast indeed to the handsome well paved streets of Cadiz. Juan rode up to the front of the venta, where he was ushered into a very indifferent chamber heated by a badly ventilated stove.

Magnus was not a person to trouble himself much about either the elegance of his accommodation, or the luxury of his food; provided the place was clean and the food good, he required no more, but he had yet to discover that inns and innkeepers in Spain, were of the very worst class;

the food indifferent, and the charges exorbitant. The best plan in all Spanish posadas out of the principal cities is to take what you can get, and pay half the amount of the bill, that is if you can stand a torrent of bullying, which sinks to nothing when it is met with firmness. Late the same evening, Juan entered the room, where our hero was endeavouring to kill time, (having had a ramble over the whole place), by reading the Gazette de Madrid.

"We had better leave early in the morning, Senor, for Cadiz," observed Juan, playing with the tassels of his cap.

"What time will Juana arrive?" demanded Lieutenant O'More.

"She will not come here at all," answered Juan, with a grin of satisfaction. "She's gone to Cadiz, with Padre Ignatio, through Isla,—it's a short walk."

"The deuce it is!" said Magnus O'More, angrily. "Why did not you say so? I would have preferred walking with her and the priest to

coming this way and sleeping in this miserable posada."

"Miserable posada!" repeated Juan, in a tone of surprise. "Carrambo! the Duque de Romero stops here when he comes to the baths in the summer."

"Very likely," returned Magnus, drily, "he can eat beans stewed in garlic and oil, and stale eggs made into omelettes, and manage to digest a fowl that was born at the time of the last earthquake, besides sleeping in a bed, that you pay for, as sole occupant, but have to share with some hundreds of interesting animals, very common I find in this part of the world, but nevertheless extremely bad bedfellows. What made Juana change her mode of going to Cadiz?"

"She's very fond of the priest, senor," returned Juan, demurely, "he had to visit the chapel at Isla."

"I wonder you're not jealous of the priest," said Magnus, "and afraid to trust your pretty favourite with those gentry. They do not bear the best of characters?"

"Santos Dios! the worthy padre is past sixty," said Juan, laughing, "he's her mother's confessor."

"Pray how did you know that Juana and the priest went by Isla?"

"She sent a messenger, senor, and he told me to say you would see her at her mother's, one of the best posadas in Cadiz."

"Humph!" muttered the Lieutenant, by no means pleased, "well then, let us get out of this as early as you please to-morrow morning. Could we not go at once?"

"Carambo! at this time, senor," exclaimed Juan, in amazement. "What, cross the marsh at night? Oh, no, we can't do that."

"Well," said Magnus, resignedly, "if there's anything left of me, I shall be ready."

The next morning, Magnus O'More was seated in Juan's calese, to which were harnessed a handsome pair of mules, and having paid his bill, which included bed-fellows and garlic in abundance, and without deducting a fraction for the

society he enjoyed during the night, which was one of very little sleep, Juan set off in a canter, quite proud of his team of mules.

The approach to Cadiz, attracted our hero's attention, and greatly surprised him. There was not a sign of smoke over this really beautiful city, the outlines of its edifices and towers showing boldly and well defined against the clear sky. Walled and bastioned, its stately dwellings looking towards the bay, reminding O'More of the period when it sent forth its fleets and armadas to gather up the wealth of the far off west.

Juan pulled up his mules, just as he was entering the low sandy isthmus that connects Cadiz with the main land, and turning to Magnus, who got out of the calese to enjoy the singular and uncommon view that Cadiz presented, washed on one side by the mighty waters of the Atlantic, and on the other by the calm sparkling mimic waves of its own beautiful bay.

"There," said Juan, pointing to the narrow strip of sandy soil, "Juana's grandmother, the

old woman you saw at Peti, was washed up, high and dry, by the great wave that swept over Cadiz at the time of the earthquake, forty-five years ago."

"What!" exclaimed our hero, with a laugh, "was she swept over the walls of Cadiz, and deposited here?—that was a miracle."

"No, senor," returned Juan, gravely. "The saints can work miracles; but the old woman was saved quite naturally. She was younger then, to be sure; but, you see, when the sentinels on the ramparts of Cadiz beheld a wave over seventy feet high, rise up in the sea, and come rushing with a noise like thunder, towards the town, the alarm became terrible, everybody that could fled from the city, till the governor ordered the gates to be shut.

"Well, senor, the great mountain wave came on,—there was not a saint in the calendar that was not invoked; with a frightful roar it broke upon the rocks, demolished the walls, and swept into the town, which it completely filled with water;

but, wonderful, not a life was lost: but almost every soul that rushed out on these low sands was drowned, Juana's grandmother with a few, only escaping, because they had nearly reached a place of safety. Since then the old woman does nothing but dream of earthquakes."

"That does not at all surprise me," said Juan, "the old woman had a great escape."

Passing over the great causeway, they reached the gate, and were permitted to enter without any examination whatever.

Juan drove on through narrow streets, lined with stately painted dwellings, and into the market place, where the concourse of people of all kinds and descriptions was prodigious. Magnus perceived numbers of French sailors, officers and others, mingled with groups covered with the eternal brown cloaks, and fantastic sombreros, half concealing their swarthy cheeks, but leaving revealed their flashing eyes; whilst every soul seemed to be speaking and shouting at the top of their voices. Magnus fancied that they would every

instant draw their knives and fall to. Then the shrieks of the shell-fish seller and the aqua fresca vendor rent the air. Now and then they passed horsemen on their high-peaked saddles, muffled to the eyes in their cloaks, and none without the carbine slung by their side.

"Well, by Jove! this is a strange place," thought Lieutenant O'More, as the calese drove into a very ample stable yard, belonging to a very large and really handsome posada.

Scarcely had the calese stopped and our hero jumped out, before Juana, very smartly attired, her cheek flushing, and her bright eyes sparkling, stepped out from a side door, and beckoned to Magnus to follow her, which he did at once, though Juan called out hastily, "Senor, one word;" but Magnus was gone, whilst the worthy muleteer stamped upon the ground, repeating the word Carambo! a dozen times over.

CHAPTER XI.

Two hours after his arrival in Cadiz, Lieutenant O'More was seated in a very comfortable chamber, neatly-arranged, almost after the English fashion; he had just finished an exceedingly good dinner, divested of oil and garlic, and was taking a glass of excellent sherry, seated before a noble log fire, when the door opened, and a female about eight-and-forty years of age, entered the room. She was attired certainly after the Spanish style; but having all the manner and appearance in her looks of being a native of England; and yet Mary Torridos had never been in Great Britain, since the age of nine years.

Magnus O'More rose up and placed a chair for

the person who entered; this, however, was not their first meeting, for Mary Torridos had expected him, and evinced so much emotion in beholding the son of a once dearly loved mistress, and for whom she had suffered four years of cruel incarceration, that she was quite overcome, and unable then to talk of the past; but she promised, after he had dined, and she had time to collect her bewildered thoughts, that she would return and have an hour's conversation with him.

Juana had made him as comfortable as possible, and a suit of clothes after the Spanish hidalgo fashion was making for him, for Juana said that it would be dangerous for him to be seen in Cadiz with the garments he had on, as the ship to which the marine officer belonged, whose clothes he wore, had been towed into Cadiz, and there were three other French vessels of war in the harbour.

"I hope, my dear sir," said Mary Torridos, "that you have made a good dinner. I have never been in England since I was a little girl

but I know what Englishmen like. Before this war broke out my house used to be always full of English residents; now we have French, and they are not always fond of Spanish cooking—dear me, dear me," and the woman crossed herself, for she was a very devout Catholic—"you are the very image of your beautiful mother; the Lord bless me—it seems but yesterday, when I look at you. And so your noble father is dead,—dear me, how young he died."

"Yes," said Magnus, with a sigh, "he did die young, as well as my poor dear mother; but let me hear all about my dear mother, before she became my father's wife and afterwards, for, do you know, that I am," and his face flushed as he added, "I am considered by the world as an illegitimate child? that my mother was not married before I was born?"

"Jesu maria, what is that you say," said dame Torridos, starting up, "how can such things be said; your mother not married! why, blessed Madonna! I witnessed her marriage myself;

and the very priest in whose chapel she was married is still alive : bless me, you saw him yourself at Petri,—Padra Ignatio, he is in Cadiz now, he is the very priest."

"Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed Magnus, starting from his chair, and in the emotion he felt, he seized the speaker, and kissed her as he would a mother. Whilst doing so the door opened, and Juan, the muleteer, entered the room, but started back amazed, saying, in a tone of astonishment, "What, Santos Dios ! he kisses the mother too—Carambo!" and Juan rubbed his chin in great perplexity.

Magnus, though greatly excited, could not but laugh, whilst Mary, wiping her eyes, said, with a smile, to Juan,

"My son, this gentleman is the same to me as my daughter. I loved his mother devotedly. You are a good boy, Juan, and you love Juana, be satisfied that she loves you, and do not mind what you see."

"Santiago! dame Torridos," said Juan. "I

mind nothing, a brother may kiss a sister, vamos, there's no harm done; Juana, I suppose, looks upon him as a brother, buono; but, senor, I came to tell you not to stir out."

"Why, Juan, what has happened?"

"Why, senor, some of the crew of the French frigate and an officer have been in the boats to the beach, where the bodies were washed ashore; you remember they came to look for the body of an officer belonging to the ship. This officer had a brother aboard, the third lieutenant of the ship, and he was anxious to find his brother's body; and the people then told them that he was buried, and that a stranger, a Frenchman, they said, stripped the body of the garments, and was gone somewhere, fortunately they could not say where. They took up the body, and brought it in their boat to Cadiz, and it now is going to be buried in consecrated ground; so, senor, you must stay quiet till you get other garments, and destroy those you have on."

Magnus looked very serious for a moment, but

recovering his easy manner, said, "you are a very thoughtful youth, Juan, and I shall not, depend on it, forget you."

The landlady, however, looked disturbed. "I hope they will not be able to trace you," she said; "for such is the resentment of the Spaniards against England, that you would be sure to endure a long imprisonment."

"I am not at all uneasy," said Magnus, "but I should very much like to restore to the brother of the unfortunate officer those garments I appropriated in a moment of danger and anxiety, and a pocket-book I found in the breast pocket of this coat, trusting to save myself from a prison."

"We can manage that, I think," said Dame Torridos, after a moment's reflection. "I will find out his brother's name. You can then enclose it in a packet, with a note, declaring why you took the garments, and I will get it delivered by a stranger; and depend on it, the French officer will then make no further inquiries."

"I will write a note at once," said Magnus,

"the sooner done the better. The French are a gallant set of men, and they know on board that frigate that by right she belongs to the Terpsichore, and that she has been most unjustly retaken and brought in here. But you must lend me a few pieces of French money to replace the small sum I used out of this book—it contains a good sum of money, and a trinket the brother may value. The officer's name was François Henri de Allmarde."

"Santos Dios! Bless me," exclaimed the woman, correcting herself and speaking English. "Why I have his brother in the house now—he belongs to the Vestale frigate; he is severely wounded, but not dangerously, and as they are repairing the Vestale he was removed here."

"Then, by Jove, I will go and see him myself," said Magnus, "starting up."

"No, no, dear sir, you will risk your liberty," said the dame, anxiously. "At least, wait till you change your clothes."

"Yes," returned the impetuous lieutenant, "I

will do that, but I am quite satisfied that there will be no danger in trusting the French officer, when I restore him his brother's pocket book."

"Perhaps so;" but shaking her head, Dame Torridos looked uneasy.

Now Dame Torridos, in preventing our hero's following the impulse he felt, to restore the pocket-book at the moment, led, as our readers will find, to very serious consequences.

"Now, dear madre," said the lieutenant, who already began to feel for Mary Torridos a sincere affection, as the old and faithful attendant of his lamented mother, "now let me hear full particulars of yourself, who have suffered so much from attachment to my parents."

"Ah!" sighed the woman, as she gazed earnestly into the lieutenant's features, "If any one a few days ago had told me I should soon be sitting with the son of my beloved mistress, I would have considered them mad or dreaming. It's not so many, many years, my dear son, since your noble father and mother stood at the altar, in all

the pride of their youth and beauty, but the sufferings I endured for four years makes it appear longer than it actually is. God help us! What things are pride, hatred, and revenge. My father's name was McDermot, he was a Roman Catholic, and fled from Ireland to avoid the consequences of his political opinions. I was then but three years old. My mother died shortly after arriving in Spain. My father entered the Spanish service, but was killed in battle, leaving me, just nine years old, destitute and helpless. The Countess de Cabra, one of the kindest and noblest of women, hearing of my destitute state, took me under her protection. Her daughter, Fernanda, was then but three years old, and after a time she became very much attached to me, whilst I soon learned to idolize this beautiful child.

"From her earliest years she loved everything English; I, of course, scarcely remembered anything of my native land, and knew little, except from conversations with my father, and an Irish

family settled in Seville, and carrying on a lucrative business, but I spoke English well, and Donna Fernanda, as she grew up, loved to speak the language, and what with books and my help she picked it up rapidly. At this time also many English frequented Seville. Donna Fernanda first saw your father at the celebrated bull fight, at Madrid, when he saved one of the royal family from being crushed, rescuing her at the same time, for she was the favourite companion of the princess. Shortly after that event I married a highly respectable small landowner named José Torridos, who resided in Seville, and was a vassal of the Count de Cabra.

"Fernanda deeply regretted my leaving her, but when the family returned to Seville, she implored me to remain with her till after her nuptials with the Duke del Rio, to whom she had been betrothed in early girlhood, but to fulfil this arrangement of her father's, she was firmly resolved she never would. Whilst there she informed me of her attachment to the senor

Roderick O'More, then in Seville, and engaged me to assist her in flying from Spain. Though I trembled at the consequences, I could not resist her tears and prayers. The Senor O'More came and resided in our house. I had a little boy two years old, who took a strange fancy to your noble father. Ah, he was a princely gentleman, so noble, so generous, and so gentle. I need not repeat what Don Ayalda told you, for every word he said was strictly correct. Donna Fernanda suffered fearfully, when she beheld Don Ayalda, fall, pierced by the sword of your father, who equally suffered from the same cause. But Don Ayalda, as kind a senor as ever lived and who loved my mistress madly, rushed with such frantic excitement upon the Senor O'More that he must either have been slain or his flight stopped; he, however, assured Donna Fernanda that the wound could not be mortal. A fast barge, impelled by six stout men, contrabandists, was waiting at the garden stairs. You already know what took place at the chapel. After the

ceremony I embraced my beloved mistress, whom I was never to see again. She put a small case into my hands, and with tears in her eyes she bade me farewell; I myself was weeping bitterly, and thus we parted. I crossed the river in another boat; my husband was waiting for me, he was greatly alarmed, and indeed the next morning wished to fly from Seville; but my little boy was very unwell, and I did not think the count's vengeance would fall upon us, and besides had we fled, unless on board a ship and sailed for England, how could we expect to escape from the count's power in Spain?

"The following night we had all retired to rest, and were buried in repose, when I awoke with a frightful cry from a hideous dream. What was my horror when I beheld, standing by my bed side, two alguazils of the holy office of the Inquisition, with their dark lanterns and sable garments; they struck a chill to my heart. Covering me, half fainting, with their mantles, and but half dressed, whilst my heart-stricken

husband implored for mercy on his knees in vain, they carried me away. I knew I was going to the Inquisition, and overcome with horror I fainted. When I recovered I was in darkness, lying on a pallet in a dungeon I supposed, for no sound of any kind broke the horrible stillness of my abode. The Inquisition was at that time established in the Jesuits' College in Seville; formerly it was in the old Moorish fortress that defended the suburbs of Jaen. I remained many months in total darkness, how many I cannot say. I received my food and water through a box that turned in the wall; but during those months I never heard the sound of human voice."

"How horrible!" exclaimed the interested listener, with a shudder, "my poor friend, what you must have suffered!"

"Yes, my son, I suffered; but the blessed Madonna, to whom I prayed, sustained me; for strange to say no malady attacked me in that frightful dungeon; it was damp and close, and

yet I lived and preserved my senses. My thoughts were always on my husband and child, and upon your parents, wondering if they also had fallen victims to the count's vengeance. When emaciated almost to a skeleton, my door opened one day or night, for I could not tell which, and two alguazils appeared. The light from their lanterns blinded me. I could not bear it; they supported me, and thus I dragged myself along, and mounting many stairs I was led into another cell, dry and, for a prison, comfortable. The blessed light of day entered that cell from a grating in the ceiling. 'You owe this clemency to the prayers of the Countess de Cabra,' said one of the men, and then they left me. I fell upon my knees and prayed, and then sunk upon my pallet and wept. In this cell I remained three years, had tolerably good food, and was visited four times in the year by a priest; but I was strictly forbidden, under pain of returning to the dungeon I had left, to ask a single question. The fourth year was passing over, when an act of grace gave me free-

dom, along with many others. Two alguazils conducted me in the night to the outward door of the prison. 'Go,' said they 'and sin no more.'

"I walked on, staggering, wild with joy. Oh, Madonna! I mentally exclaimed, shall I find my husband and child living. A figure, muffled in a brown mantle, grasped me by the arm, I turned, I was in the arms of my husband. I shrieked with joy. 'Oh, Mary, Mary,' he exclaimed, what you have suffered. Curse—' 'Nay, nay—hush, hush, Josè,' I murmured. Curse no one, bless God and the saints I am alive; but my child—"

Mary Torridos had got thus far in her narrative, when a violent uproar on the stairs caused her and her companion to start up, and listen. The next moment the door was thrown open, and Juana very pale and agitated rushed in.

"Ah, holy virgin, senor, you are discovered!"

Lieutenant O'More looked eagerly round the room for some weapon of defence, but fortunately there was none to be found. The next moment

six soldiers with their carbines cocked entered the room, preceded by a naval officer holding his sword drawn.

"There," exclaimed the officer, pointing to our hero, "there he stands, the robber and murderer, dressed in the very garments of the dead. Seize him."

"Stay," exclaimed O'More, in a voice and with a gesture of command, that awed the men, who paused. Turning to the officer, he said, "I can make allowance for the words you have used, but you are in error, I am an English officer, second lieutenant of the Terpsichore."

"Bah!" fiercely exclaimed the officer, "you are a liar, and a sacre voleur!"

Though Juana, who watched our hero's eyes, rushed to stay his fury, it was in vain; before anyone could interfere the officer measured his length on the floor, bleeding profusely from the mouth and nose, and his sword torn from his grasp, though the lieutenant received a sharp but not deep wound on the arm.

Juana shrieked; her mother, Juan the muleteer, and all the household rushed in between the soldiers and the enraged sailor who, now possessed of a weapon, would surely have attacked the men.

"Oh, my son," exclaimed the terrified landlady, "oh, my son, do not resist, they will kill you."

Juana clung to his arm, and the muleteer, who faithful and high-spirited, had seized a spit from the kitchen, ranged himself by the side of the lieutenant.

The French officer rose from the floor, livid with rage, exclaiming to the men,

"Rascals, why did you not shoot this robber through the head?"

"You are not their commander, sir," said a Spanish officer entering the room; "you are too hasty, you should have waited till I arrived. This is a case to go before our alguazil mayor."

"Sir," said Magnus, advancing to the Spanish officer, and delivering to him the sword he had

taken, "I am willing to go whither you please; but to be called a robber and liar by that man, who is an officer of the Vestale, a ship that surrendered to the Terpsichore, and of which ship I am second lieutenant, is too bad. I therefore demand honourable treatment as an officer and an Englishman."

"'Tis false," said the French officer, wiping the blood from his face. "I assert he murdered Lieutenant François D'Almarde; take him before your magistrates, and let him be searched."

"Very good," said the Spaniard, "that is the right way to proceed," and turning to the soldiers, he made a sign. They immediately placed themselves beside our hero, who after whispering a few words to Juana and Dame Torridos, followed the three first soldiers out of the room, the remaining three bringing up the rear.

"Carambo! he's a fine fellow," observed Juan turning to the weeping Juana; "did you see how he tumbled over the Frenchman, with a blow of his fist. Santos Dios! what a blow!"

"But the wretch of a Frenchman," said Juana, "stabbed him in the arm with his sword. I saw the blood running down on his hand; but you are a brave lad, Juan," continued the young girl, kindly, and giving him her hand. "Put by the spit, and we will see what is to be done."

"Bless your little heart," said Juan, quite pleased. "I forgive you," and he whispered some words in Juana's ear.

"Come, come," said Dame Torridos, getting up from an arm chair into which she had sunk, overcome; "we must not be idle."

Just as they were all leaving the room, an alguazil met them; and immediately touching Juan on the shoulder, said, "Come, my lad, they want you in court."

"Me!" cried Juan, with a slight start; "what have I do with it?"

"More than you think, my lad," replied the alguazil; "so come along."

"Remember, Juan!" whispered the maiden in the muleteer's ear.

"Oh, never fear," said Juan, stoutly. "I'm no coward—"

In the meantime Magnus O'More was conducted through a great concourse of people, who had collected round the hotel. A confused rumour of a murderer having been taken into custody rang, like wild-fire, through the rabble assembled, and that the murderer was an Englishman, and a heretic; so that when the lieutenant made his appearance, a yell from the crowd saluted him.

Little did Magnus heed their yells and cries. They soon reached the front of a large mansion, in one of the rooms of which the alguazil mayor sat waiting to hear the case. On entering the lofty chamber, Magnus O'More was led into the part appropriated for prisoners; the whole space alloted to the public was filled to overflowing, whilst several French naval officers collected in the vacant spaces near the alguazil mayor, and his officers and clerks.

The alguazil mayor was a fine, hale, elderly man, with a somewhat stern countenance; but

still highly respectable in manner and appearance.

Silence having been obtained, the alguazil required the French officer to state his charge against the prisoner.

This he did in French, accusing Magnus O'More of not only plundering the body of Lieutenant D'Almarde; but also positively asserting that he killed him, that he was then attired in the garments of the dead officer, and no doubt, if he was searched, his effects would be found upon his person.

"Search the prisoner," said the magistrate. One of the officers of the court did so; Magnus O'More offering no kind of resistance, and waiting patiently till he himself should be interrogated.

As soon as the pocket-book was produced, a general exclamation from the French officers took place, all saying, "Ah, sacre voleur, voilà; that is Lieutenant D'Almarde's pocket-book,"—it contains so and so, mentioning the contents. On

examining the book, the letters stated to be in it and some portion of the money were missing.

"What has become of the letters and money that is said to have been in this pocket-book?" asked the alguazil mayor, looking with exceeding surprise at Lieutenant O'More.

"The letters I burnt," said Magnus, "and part of the money I spent; but—"

"You have answered the question, prisoner," said the alguazil, "confine yourself to doing so only, for the present."

Turning to the French officer, the Spaniard said, "Pray explain the full particulars relating to Lieutenant D'Almarde; how he came to be ashore, &c."

The Frenchman then stated that the garments the prisoner then wore belonged to Lieutenant D'Almarde, officer of marines, belonging to the Vestale; which vessel was disabled in a long engagement with an English frigate; that lying dangerously near the shore Lieutenant D'Almarde left the ship, with four seamen, in a small boat,

to seek assistance to tow the frigate into Cadiz. The Frenchman then stated that the body of Lieutenant D'Almarde was found on the beach near Petri, stripped, and with a gash on his head, evidently inflicted with a heavy stone; that the prisoner was seen by a person, who was then in court, ready to swear to what he had witnessed,—he saw the prisoner strip the body, and then drag it up the beach, and afterwards he went and spoke to some men who were saving portions of wreck; that he then went to the inn at Petri, and afterwards was taken by the muleteer, Juan Cavalos, to Chicalana, and thence to Cadiz; the said Juan Cavalos was aware he was an Englishman, and was consequently an accomplice.

"Where is this Juan Cavlaos,—is he in court?" said the alguazil mayor.

"No, my lord," said an officer; "but he can be brought here in a few minutes."

"Bring him," said the alguazil; "and let the man who saw the prisoner strip the dead stand out."

Juan's uncle was then brought forward. He did not appear to like being examined, but he answered in a straightforward manner. He said he certainly saw the prisoner take the garments from the body; but did not see him do anything else."

"Was the man dead?" asked the alguazil, when the prisoner approached him?"

"I should say so, Senor Alguazil," returned the witness. "I watched the prisoner, and saw no violence offered."

"You are sworn,—is what you state fact?"

"Certainly, senor."

A bustle in the chamber announced the arrival of the muleteer, who was brought forward. Juan gazed round him quite coolly. Magnus looked into his features, but the muleteer evinced no fear whatever.

Juan was then sworn.

"Is this the man?" said the alguazil, nodding his head at our hero, who was very much inclined

to yawn at the tediousness of the affair. "Is this the man you took on your mules from Petri to Chicalana, and thence, in your calese, to Cadiz?"

"Santos Dios! of course, that is the senor," returned Juan, stoutly.

"Mind, you are sworn, Juan Cavalos; and confine yourself to simply answering questions."

"Was not the prisoner afraid of staying at the inn at Petri, for fear he should be recognised by the villagers of Petri, when they returned from the wreck?"

Juan rubbed his chin, gave a twist to his moustache, and then said,—"Well, Senor Alguazil Mayor, being an Englishman, I suppose he was afraid of being taken prisoner, and hindered from getting to his ship."

"Ha!" said the alguazil, "I see you are decidedly an accomplice, and wish to shield the prisoner. You confess to knowing him to be an Englishman; and yet you aided an enemy to

your country to escape. Take them both to prison—I have heard enough; sufficient at all events, to induce me to commit them both."

"What!" said Magnus O'More, indignantly, and fixing his dark eyes upon the alguazil mayor. "Is this Spanish law, to condemn a man without hearing his defence—"

"No," interrupted the alguazil mayor, mildly. "You are not condemned; I commit you to prison only till all the evidence is collected against you. You will then be heard, and in the meantime, you yourself can summon any witnesses you think proper. This is our custom. You will have fair treatment; in three days you will be again heard."

The French officers seemed by no means satisfied with the decision of the alguazil mayor, who was secretly struck by the person and manner of the prisoner. There was something, he thought, mysterious in the whole affair; he was therefore resolved to gain time, and make enquiries. But

Magnus O'More by no means relished these three days' imprisonment; he had a very good idea of a Spanish prison. He therefore said, addressing the alguazil mayor, in a firm, manly voice,

"Senor, if you refuse to listen to me, as an English officer, I shall declare that I am the grandson of the Count de Cabra, and demand that he be informed that his grandson is accused of a crime he no more committed than you did."

The alguazil mayor fell back in his chair, struck with intense surprise, whilst a loud murmur was heard all over the court.

"He's an impostor," shouted the French officers; "he wants to gain time. A while ago, he said he was an officer of the Terpsichore, a British frigate—it's a lie."

"If I had my hand on your throat, scoundrel and liar as you are," said Magnus, fiercely, "another falsehood would never escape your lips."

The alguazil mayor rose up, evidently surprised and confused. He spoke a few words to

one of his officers, and then retired, whilst our hero was surrounded by the body of alguazils in court, and conducted to the city prison, in a chamber of which he was lodged, and left to his reflections.

CHAPTER XII.

Don Lopez de Loperos, alguazil mayor, of Cadiz, was a gentleman of good family, and of high character; he was a native of Seville, and was well acquainted with the Count de Cabra. Entering a private chamber in the same mansion where the court was held, he sent one of his officials for the two French officers, whilst he examined a paper just handed him by an alguazil, and which he received from Dame Torridos, who with Juana, closely muffled in mantles, had been present the whole time of the examination of Lieutenant O'More.

Don Lopez took the paper and read it, apparently greatly moved and astonished; Mary Tor-

ridos had simply stated that Magnus O'More was in fact the son of Roderick O'More and Fernanda de Cabra, whom he must remember, for he was in Seville at the time of the elopement; that he was also second lieutenant of the Terpsichore; had taken possession of the Vestale, and was by her mutinous crew thrown overboard; that he found the dead body of the French marine officer lying on the beach, and had only taken his clothes to escape being made prisoner by the French.

"This is plain matter of fact," said the alguazil mayor. "I remember the elopement and strange marriage of Fernanda of Cordova, as if it was yesterday—and yet liberate this young gentleman without another trial, I cannot; we are in the hands of the French." As he thus communed with himself, the two French officers entered the room.

"Gentlemen," said the alguazil mayor, "there is some very great mistake in this affair?"

"Diable!" said the Frenchman, angrily, for at

this time the French paid very little respect to Spanish authority, or to the Spaniards themselves. "What mistake can there be? You must be satisfied that your prisoner is an Englishman. No doubt some sailor out of the Terpsichore?"

"Sailor, he cannot be, senors," interrupted the magistrate. "Common sailor he cannot be, his look and manner, his perfect knowledge of our language, his name, which I now know, all prove the contrary."

"Then," said one of the French officers, furiously, "do you intend, on the mere assertion of this man, to grant him his freedom; do you think our government will permit French officers to be murdered and plundered with impunity?"

"You are too fast," said the Spaniard, haughtily, "and assume a tone and manner I am not inclined to submit to. The Duke de Cabra —for in last year the Count had been created a Duke,—must be informed of this affair, and also

enquiries must be made with a flag of truce, on board the Terpsichore British Frigate. I heard this morning that the Terpsichore was off this harbour, and had sent a boat ashore with a flag of truce."

The two Frenchmen looked savage, and whispered together for a moment, and then said, "you, Senor Alguazil, are bound to judge this case impartially. Let the prisoner be brought forward, after to-morrow we will bring witnesses that will convince you." So saying, they left the room abruptly.

The alguazil mayor returned to his own residence; and at once sat down and wrote a letter to the Duke de Cabra, who was then at San Lucar; this letter, stating full particulars, he despatched at once by a private courier. The Cala of San Lucar is a vast range of forest land, abounding in game of every sort; and had for years belonged to the Counts de Cabra. Though past sixty-six years of age, the Duke was still a vigorous and strong man. Always passionately adicted to hunting, after the Spanish

mode, he still aimed at pursuing his favourite amusement. At this period he was staying at his hunting lodge, with several nobles and cavaliers. On the day the courier from the Alguazil Mayor reached San Lucar the Duke was in his private dressing room, preparing to meet his guests at dinner.

The Spanish nobleman, though in his sixty-sixth year, was still upright and stately in his mien and carriage, his hair but slightly grizzled, but his moustache and whiskers were white ; he had a noble forehead, and finely formed features; but their expression was habitually harsh and haughty.

The domestic presented the letter, saying, "A courier, my lord duke, brought this from the Alguazil Mayor, of Cadiz, and says it is most important?"

"Very well," said the Duke, "tell the courier, to wait;" the domestic bowed low and retired.

The Duke broke the seal of the letter without

betraying any kind of excitement, but as his eyes ran over the contents, he drew a heavy breath; his cheek blanched from emotion, and the hand shook that held the letter; when he had finished it, his lips appeared glued together, as he pronounced, aloud, "At last! Ah, Madre de Dios, my revenge comes in the eleventh hour, but I have him in my grasp," and he stretched forth his hand, moving the fingers with a spasmodic action. "Son of the traitor and heretic, who robbed me of my child, who destroyed her body and soul, who left me childless in my old age! Santiago," and the old man's eyes flashed as he raised them to Heaven, "he shall die!"

Going to his desk, he took out paper and pens, but his hand shook so from passion and agitation, that he could not write a word. He then paused, and paced the chamber to collect his thoughts, speaking as was his custom, when excited, aloud.

"No, it will not do to trust him," muttered

the Duke. "Don Gusman, the Alguazil Mayor, is a man bearing a high character, he will not obey me strictly, he loves justice. I will make him Alguazil Mayor of Madrid, and despatch him there at once; he will be proud of such an advance. His lieutenant, Don Calzados, is the man to suit my views; he would hang his own father, to gain a step in rank; he shall take Don Gusman's place."

Having calmed down his agitation, though his insane desire of an unholy revenge grew stronger within his breast, he sat down and wrote two letters. One to Don Gusman, desiring him to set out immediately for Madrid and take the vacant office of Alguazil Mayor for that important city. (The day before promised by the Duke to another.) To Calzados, he wrote as follows, after filling up his appointment as Alguazil Mayor of Cadiz:—

"It is necessary, for state reasons, that the Englishman named Magnus O'More, now in the prison of Cadiz, on the charge of murdering a

French officer of Marines, and stripping his body, should be found guilty. (Mark, the proving he stripped the body and the clothes being found on him, will be sufficient, by the recent law on the subject of wrecks &c.), to condemn him to death, by the Garotte Vil.* Should any extraordinary difficulty arise unforeseen, send him at once to San Lucar. Let there be no delay in the sentence, or in the execution.

"CABRA."

This letter was given to the courier, and then the Duke with a ferocious joy began to prepare for dinner.

* A mode of inflicting death by Strangulation, peculiar in Spain.

CHAPTER XIII.

Before twenty hours were over, the account of the murder of Lieutenant François d'Almarde, was creating a great sensation throughout Cadiz. At that period the French were very numerous in the city, and all classes, whether naval, military, or civilian, treated the Spaniards with very little civility, and the Spanish authorities with unmitigated contempt. All the French population, therefore, made a considerable stir, demanding justice upon the murderer of a naval officer, their countryman.

The officers of the Vestale frigate, which had been retaken in so disgraceful a manner, were furious; they said the alguazil mayor favoured the pri-

soner, and wished to interest the Duke de Cabra in his favour, fancying he was a natural son of some one of his household, for they scouted the idea of his being the Duke's grandson. But it shortly became known that Don Gusman, the alguazil mayor, had left Cadiz for Madrid, and that the new alguazil mayor had orders to proceed at once with the trial.

The French officers immediately waited on the new magistrate, and remained in close conference with him for more than an hour, and left, perfectly satisfied that no time would now be lost in bringing the prisoner to trial. The new alguazil mayor kept his instructions to himself; but proud of his most unexpected appointment, he set to in right earnest to fulfil the duke's orders to the letter. On enquiring, he learned that the brother of Jacques François d'Almarde, who was lying ill at Dame Torridos' hotel, would appear as a witness. Other persons, from the village of Petri, were sent for, so that at the trial there would be so many witnesses against the pri-

soner, and all in favour would be carefully excluded.

In the meantime, our hero passed his time but dismally in prison; Don Gusman had promised he should have every opportunity of procuring witnesses on the day of his trial, and he had requested that a boat, with a flag of truce, should be sent off to the Terpsichore, if she was known to be off the harbour, or indeed, to any of the British ships; but the jailor, with a malicious grin, said,

"It was quite useless; there was a new alguazil mayor, who had forbidden his having any communication with anyone without the walls of the prison." He was refused pens or paper, and every way his treatment was for the worse.

The lieutenant was enraged; he began to think his case was critical, and that he had acted wrongly in declaring himself the grandson of the Duke de Cabra. The more he thought over the circumstances, the more he was inclined to believe that his declaration of being the Duke's

grandson, had something to do with his prolonged confinement and the change of alguazils. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that the Duke should seek revenge upon him, for his daughter's abduction and marriage with his father.

The eighth day, our hero was conducted, by an armed guard, in a covered calese, to the Judgment Hall. It was, to his surprise, entirely filled with French officers, and a numerous array of witnesses; but no sooner was he placed in the dock, than the doors were opened, and a tumultuous crowd rushed in, and filled the space behind him. Magnus O'More first looked up at the new alguazil mayor. He was a tall, thin man, not more than forty years of age, with a mean disagreeable countenance, and small eyes, which never seemed to rest a moment on one object. There were present nearly all the officers of the two French frigates, the Vestale and the Revolutionaire. Directly behind the alguazil, sat a French naval officer, with his head bound up, and holding a large handkerchief to his face.

It will be unnecessary to repeat the whole of the criminal process in trying the prisoner. Several of the Petri villagers swore to his identity, and to the finding his garments in a cleft of a rock. A French surgeon swore that the deceased came to his death from a blow inflicted by a piece of rock. At this assertion, Lieutenant O'More smiled, for it was easily imagined that the unfortunate officer's head came in contact with a rock.

Juana's uncle was again sworn; he seemed chagrined, but he could not deny that he distinctly saw our hero strip the body, and conceal his own garments.

"This is quite sufficient," said the alguazil mayor, standing up and speaking in a hurried, and not very distinct voice. "By a recent act, anyone convicted of stripping persons, or even bodies thrown upon the sands, from vessels in distress, is liable to the penalty of death."

"What mockery of justice is this?" exclaimed Magnus O'More, standing erect, his voice sound-

ing through the great hall with a startling distinctness, and fixing his piercing gaze upon the startled magistrate. "It appears to me that you are acting a part, and under instructions; your object being to find me guilty, whether innocent or not—but take care."

"Silence the prisoner," roared the alguazil mayor, pale with rage; and a dozen alguazils started forward to obey, whilst the French officer rose up, appearing greatly excited, and calling on the alguazil mayor to pronounce sentence.

"This is a monstrous farce," exclaimed Magnus O'More, dashing aside the grasp of an alguazil. "I protest against this conspiracy; and you," fixing his gaze upon the French officer, "you disgrace your country and your profession. You know as well as I do, that I am an officer of the Terpsichore."

"Pronounce sentence, pronounce sentence," shouted the Frenchmen. The crowd in the room roared, "hang him! hang him! he's a heretic, and an Englishman."

The alguazils again advanced with drawn swords. But a loud, authoritative voice was heard, exclaiming, in tolerable Spanish, "rascals, out of my way. Do you want to murder a noble gentleman?"

The French officers sat down abashed; the alguazil mayor looked bewildered; whilst Magnus O'More turned sharply round with an exclamation of joy, with one sweep of his powerful arm, tumbled over the two alguazils guarding him, and with a bound sprang out of the dock, amidst a general exclamation of fear; and the next moment clasped the hand of a tall, powerful man, in the naval uniform of a French rear-admiral, who, thrusting aside the crowd with little ceremony, held the hand clasping his with a warm pressure, saying, in English,

"By St. Peter's toe! Magnus, my boy, I'm just in time. Why these infernal rascals of Spaniards wanted to hang you."

Magnus wrung O'Brien's—his first, earliest, and most noble-hearted friend hand with an emotion that choked the words he strove to utter.

"What is the meaning of this conduct—this audacity?" exclaimed the furious alguazil mayor. "Officers, take possession of your prisoner."

"Stay!" exclaimed Admiral O'Brien, in a fierce voice, waving his hand to the men, awing them by his tone and manner, and, in fact, not relishing attacking two such powerful-looking men as those before them.

"Your conduct is illegal," said the alguazil, getting a better look at the uniform of O'Brien.

"Oh, to the devil with your legality!" retorted the fiery Irishman, and advancing towards the French officer, he said, "how is this, Lieut. D'Almarde, that you dare to bring such an accuastion as this against an English officer, who you know right well—for, after cutting you down aboard the Vestale, you disgracefully excited the men to mutiny, and to murder this very officer spared your life."

Magnus O'More now recognized the French officer, the muffling from his face being removed.

"Your gallant but unfortunate brother quitted

his ship," continued O'Brien, "not, as you say, to procure assistance, but because he would not be a party to your disgraceful scheme of retaking the ship—a ship this gallant officer boarded to save from certain destruction; and now you dastardly accuse him of a murder never committed, for any fool might surmise that the boat your brother embarked in was upset, and all on board perished. No doubt his head was struck against a rock, and that blow killed him, and because this brave man took his garments you accuse him of murder."

The alguazil mayor understood every word Admiral O'Brien said; he saw at once the case would be dismissed, and he remained puzzled how to act, for he knew that the admiral commanded in the Cadiz station.

When O'Brien ceased speaking, Lieutenant D'Almarde, forced to reply, said, in a sulky tone, "How was I, Admiral O'Brien, to know all this? I find the prisoner in my brother's clothes."

"Bah!" interupted O'Brien, "you are a

disgrace to our profession, and, if you belonged to my ship, I would kick you out of her."

"Take care, Admiral O'Brien," said the Frenchman, shaking with passion. "You are my superior officer, but I will have satisfaction for this language?"

"Devilish glad to hear it," returned the Admiral, with a sneer, "I shall then have the pleasure of shooting you."

The alguazil mayor was perfectly bewildered; Admiral O'Brien commanded the two decker, the D———, then in the harbour of Cadiz. The Spaniard was awed under the fiery indignation of the Irishman; he knew that, even backed by the power of the Duke, he could not pass a sentence upon the prisoner when his very accusers withdrew their charge. To feel his way, he turned to Lieutenant D'Almarde, and demanded whether he persisted in his accusation against the prisoner.

The French lieutenant was livid with rage; he

whispered for a moment in the ear of one of his companions, and then said,

"No, I withdraw my accusation,—I acted from conscientious motives."

"Oh blarney!" said O'Brien, with a laugh, and in English.

"I have considered," continued Lieutenant D'Almarde, speaking in French, "that I had a right to seek redress. I could not be supposed to recognise a person, I only saw in the confusion of a sea fight, and during the darkness of night."

"Bah!" uttered O'Brien, in a tone of contempt; "from motives of revenge, for the blow you received when cut down, you trumped up this ridiculous accusation. Then, turning to the alguazil mayor, he said, "it was fortunate for this gentleman and for you too, Senor Alguazil, that I returned last night from Madrid. Lieutenant D'Almarde knew that Captain Bowen, who commands the Terpsichore British frigate, sent

a letter to whoever might command the Vestale, requesting that that ship should be given up to him as his lawful prize, and also desiring to know whether Lieutenant O'More, and those who accompanied him to the deck of the Vestale, were still there, as he was ready to exchange prisoners. Now Lieutenant D'Almarde knew his superior officer refused even to answer Captain Bowen's letter,* therefore, his conduct in pursuing this case is reprehensible, and is, besides, degrading to you as chief magistrate, and I shall report it. I now demand this gentleman's release."

The alguazil mayor had by this time recovered his presence of mind. The accusation against the prisoner was certainly at an end; but, nevertheless, he was resolved not, if possible, to lose his grasp of the prisoner till he heard from the Duke. He therefore mildly replied, "that he was sorry he was mixed up in a case that had no foundation whatever; he was obliged, however,

* Fact.

to act as he did. He abandoned the prosecution, but he could not release the prisoner before certain forms were complied with; but he would instantly draw up his report, and forward it to the higher authorities, and the moment he received the reply the Senor O'More should be released."

Admiral O'Brien was getting in a passion; but Lieutenant O'More pacified him.

"Dear friend, let it be as this senor says; a few days, more or less, of imprisonment—"

"No," interrupted O'Brien; "there shall be no imprisonment. Senor Alguazil, if this gentleman must remain under your control, place him where his friends can visit him."

"Most willingly, Admiral," said the alguazil, mildly. "He shall have an apartment in the castle, and be well served." Then, turning to one of his officers, he said, "Order the calese to draw up at the door; and disperse the crowd."

The French officers, in the meantime, left the hall of justice crest-fallen, and exceedingly un-

easy; for they well knew Admiral O'Brien's popularity with the French Directory. Lieutenant D'Almarde, livid with rage, left the place, vowing, with a fearful oath, that, if it cost him his life, he would be revenged.

When the crowd were dispersed, our hero, and his staunch friend, the commodore, entered the calese; two alguazils mounted the box, and they were driven to the gates of the castle. An officer there, on receiving a paper from one of the alguazils, desired the two friends to follow him, and they were conducted into a very comfortable chamber; and, as our hero had been many hours without food, a repast, and some wine, was furnished him.

"My dear friend," said Magnus O'More to his companion. "How often am I to owe my preservation from misfortune to your interference? That rascally magistrate would have condemned me, without my having a chance of clearing myself. I did not recognise that Lieutenant

D'Almarde, he kept his face covered; it was he who had me pitched overboard."

"Infernally cowardly conduct altogether, my lad," said O'Brien. "By Jove! I hardly knew you, you have grown so amazingly. Now, you must tell me your adventures,—all that has happened to you since we parted. This wine is not bad, considering where we are."

Lieutenant O'More gave a brief account of all that had occurred to him, which greatly interested O'Brien; who said, as the young man finished speaking,—

"It strikes me as a rather singular circumstance, that the alguazil mayor should pursue you so vindictively, after declaring yourself to be the grandson of the most powerful subject under the crown of Spain."

"The present alguazil mayor," said Lieutenant O'More, "the man you saw, was not the magistrate who heard my case first. This man is a brute, the other appeared a just and honourable

magistrate; his removal to a higher appointment, at this juncture, seems to me at least singular. But enough about myself; tell me, dear friend, something of yourself. I congratulate you on your success in attaining a rank few obtain so young."

"Faith, my boy, good luck and a petticoat did the business this time; though, to be sure, I had my share of hard blows, but as to adventures, mine were common-place. You see, after a well-contested action with a dashing English frigate, during which we were both dismasted, and terribly cut up in an action of forty-eight hours—a tremendous gale separated us,—that is we both drove before the gale, helpless, for seven mortal days. We were near foundering; what became of the M——, I cannot say."

"Oh!" interrupted our hero, "I can tell you. She rigged jury-masts, and contrived, after incredible efforts, to reach Madeira,—her captain desperately wounded, first and third lieutenants killed, several petty officers and seamen killed,

and more than twenty wounded. I heard Captain Death speak of the action, at Gibraltar, but, strange to say, did not know who commanded the French frigate; but he said it was a splendidly-fought action on both sides, and that the captain of the M—— acknowledged he had the worst of it, for it was as much as ever he could do to keep the ship afloat till they reached Madeira."

"Well, upon my conscience," returned the Admiral, "we were in quite as bad a plight as the M——. We worked the pumps day and night. I might say I was the only officer untouched; and as to the ship, she was a riddle; and only for the assistance we received from the Fraternité, which luckily came across us, we should probably have foundered had the gale come on again. However, on reaching Brest, I was ordered up to Paris, and was received in a most flattering manner by the Directory, and made an admiral.

"One day I fell in love with a petticoat I saw scudding up the Champs Elysée. This same

petticoat belonged to Eugenia de Villamonte, the daughter of one of the five Directors. After considerable manœuvring, I managed to work to windward of the father after the daughter struck, and I shortly became a Benedict. My father-in-law's interest soon set me afloat, and at present I command the fine two-decker, the Lioness, and call myself the father of two boys and one girl. So there you have my adventures in full."

"My dear O'Brien, you are a bad story-teller, you have sadly clipped your adventures, for I heard one or two of your exploits spoken of when our fleet blockaded Brest; however, another time, I trust to get a more complete account. Now, I want you to tell me how you chanced to appear at so critical a moment, and how you picked up all the information you so effectually made use of at the trial to-day?"

"That's very simple, Mag, my boy. I came here about a month ago with two frigates, three fine brigs, and a few mortar-boats. Shortly after my arrival I had to proceed to Madrid; but,

luckily, I returned yesterday, and went to my old berth, the posada, and a most excellent one it is. I need not tell you that Senora Torridos is the landlady, the kindest old soul living. I found the whole establishment in confusion, and the hostess herself moaning and groaning like a stranded ship, and as pretty a girl as a man need wish to make love to, crying and sobbing, and wringing her hands. Ah, Magnus, my lad, you have been saying soft things in Juana's ear."

"I assure you there's not a kinder-hearted or better girl in all Spain," answered the lieutenant, eagerly. "She is betrothed to a muleteer, named Juan; the poor fellow got into a scrape helping me, and she's alarmed about him."

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed O'Brien, "tell that to the marines."

"Well," interrupted Magnus, "what did Juana say?"

"Ah!" said the commodore, "I thought the wind was in that quarter. However, my lad, I let the young girl alone; I'm modest, so turned

to Mère Torredos, and asked what was the matter."

"'Oh, Admiral O'Brien, you will surely help your countryman,' said the dame.

"'Let me alone for that,' said I. 'Where is he, and what is he, and what has he done?'

"'He's in prison,' says she, 'for murder and robbery.'

"I whistled loud and long. 'Oh, by Jove!' I repeated, 'murder and robbery,—that's bad.'

"'Lord bless us!' she exclaimed. 'He never committed either one or the other. He's a sailor, like yourself; his name is O'More,—Lieutenant O'More, of the Terpsichore.'

"By St. Peter's toe! I gave such a spring up, that I tumbled over a small table, knocked to smithereens a tray full of glasses and decanters; and, trying to save the confounded tray, I slipped, and fell into the old hostess's arms, who, finding my six feet two and fifteen stone weight beyond her powers, with a groan, we both came to the ground. Juana rushed to lift her mother; and,

upon my salvation, I was nearly breathless with the exertions I made trying to save the old lady from being squashed. When we were all to rights, I began eagerly to ask five hundred questions in a breath. Then I heard all about your getting ashore, your stripping a dead marine, and your arrest. I could do nothing that night; but early in the morning I went on board the Vestale, and had an interview with Lieutenant S——, her nominal commander. I saw at once that he fought shy of the affair of re-taking the frigate; but he stated, accurately enough, your coming on deck to take possession of her, and that Lieutenant D'Almarde excited the crew to re-take the frigate. He said you made a furious resistance, and in the scuffle you were thrown overboard. He then stated how Lieutenant D'Almarde, the marine officer, and brother to the second lieutenant of the Vestale, quitted the ship in a boat, and that the boat, no doubt, was capsized. I then understood the whole affair, and hurried off to the court, where, it seems, I

arrived just at the nick of time; and now this rascally alguazil requires a couple of days before he can release you according to law; confound their laws, I say."

"Well, never mind, O'Brien, what's a couple of days?" said the lieutenant. "Now I have you to support me I do not care a jot; but this sudden exchange of a just man for a rascal, who appears actuated by some concealed motive, startles me."

"Oh, by Jove! don't trouble about it now; by my faith, before they should hurt a hair of your head I would turn the guns of the Lioness upon this old castle, and knock the stones about their ears, till they cried 'Peccavi!'—a set of dirty, garlic-eating, cowardly scum. Bah! we don't want such allies."

"You forget, dear friend, that my lamented mother was a Spaniard," said Magnus.

"Oh! be easy, don't talk of the women; by Saint Peter, they are all angels. By Jupiter, what ankles, what waists?" and the commodore heaved a sigh.

"Faith, I'll tell your wife, O'Brien," said the lieutenant, laughing; "what business have you to look at a pretty ankle?"

"Senors," exclaimed an official, entering the chamber, "the gates are about to be closed, the last bell has rung."

"Well, Magnus, my boy," said the kind-hearted O'Brien, rising and shaking our hero warmly by the hand, "we must part; but I trust that this war will soon cease, and that hereafter we may meet on the soil that gave us birth. I shall only be able to see you for a moment to-morrow; though, perhaps, I can manage, by representing your case to the Spanish admiral, to get you set at liberty at once; for, positively, this affair of the Vestale is a disgrace to both nations. Adieu!" and, pressing each other's hands, the two friends parted.

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